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MAKERS
OF
MUSIC
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF
THE GREAT COMPOSERS

WITH
CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARIES OF THEIR WORKS
PORTRAITS, FACSIMILIES OF THEIR COMPOSITIONS AND
A GENERAL CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

BY
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PREFACE.

The author's endeavor throughout this work has been to convey an impression of the personality of each composer, rather than merely to furnish a collection of biographical detail. A Chronological Summary of Works is appended to the chapter devoted to each composer, and a general Chronological Table to the whole.

Some of the chapters originally appeared in "The Sun," and the author is indebted to the editor of that magazine for a cordial acquiescence in his proposal to incorporate them in this volume.

Fourteen of the fac-similies included in the volume are now for the first time reproduced from MSS. preserved in the British Museum.

R. F. S.

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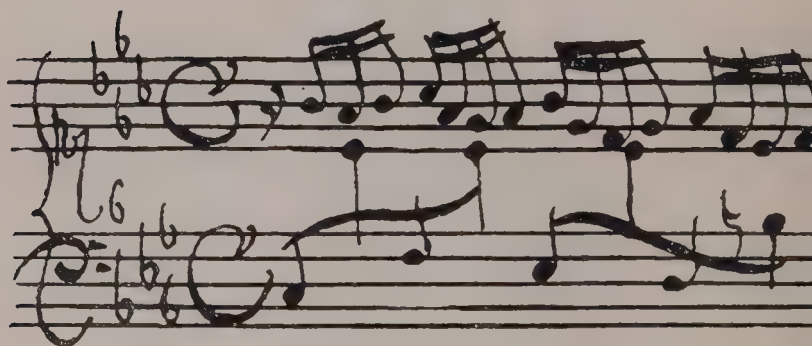
CHRONOLOGICAL
SUMMARY
OF WORKS. FACSIMILE.

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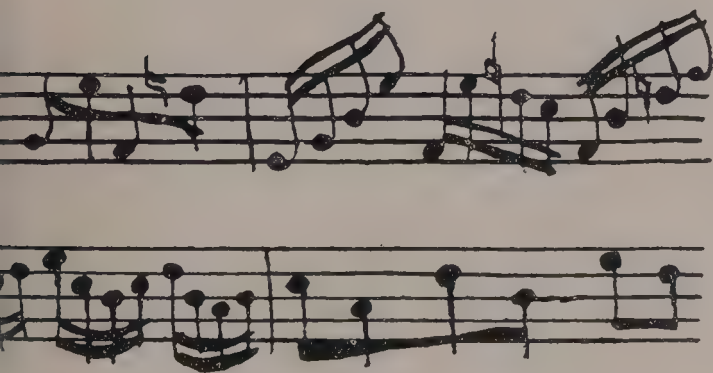
JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.

Praeludium



Facsimile from MS. of Bach preserved in British M

J. J. S. Bach.



second series of "Das wohltemperirte Clavier.")

I.—BACH (1685-1750).

For nearly two centuries the genealogy of the Bach family presents an almost unbroken series of musicians ; but it is in JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, whose magnificent gifts made its name immortal, that the genius of the race is concentrated as in a focus, to be diminished and dispersed through the line of his descendants. His great-great-grandfather, Veit Bach, miller and baker of Wechmar in Thuringia, was a man of musical tastes, of whom the legend survives that he enlivened the monotony of watching the grinding of his corn by playing to himself upon the "cithara." His son Hans was a violinist, whose musical instruction was undertaken by another Bach who was then town piper at Gotha ; and so on, through the widely spreading family, the talent for music spread and was fostered, till amongst the quiet Thuringian valleys the Bachs formed almost a musical guild amongst themselves. This closeness of the family tie amongst the various branches not only afforded opportunity for mutual encouragement in their art, but was of even more value as a moral safeguard at such times as lawlessness and corruption raged unchecked. To these predisposing influences, no doubt, was due the patriarchal simplicity of character which

distinguished the greatest of their line, his unaffected uprightness and single-minded devotion to his art.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH was born at Eisenach, on the 21st March, 1685. His father, Johann Ambrosius Bach, was one of twin brothers; a violinist; twice married, and blessed with a large family—two conditions in which his son was destined to follow his example. Both he and his wife died when Sebastian was ten years old; and the boy, who had already acquired from his father the rudiments of the violin, was taken into the house of Johann Christoph, the eldest son of the family, who was then organist at Ohrdruf. Here the young Bach lived for five years, learning the “clavier” under his brother’s tuition, and showing so marked an ability for music as to bring upon himself his instructor’s jealous severity, to the point of injustice and hardship. A manuscript collection of contemporary music, belonging to his brother, was especially coveted by him, but was relentlessly kept from his sight. His pertinacity was, however, not to be daunted; he succeeded at night in dragging the precious manuscript out through the latticed door of the cupboard in which it was locked, and surreptitiously made a copy of its contents by moonlight, a task which took him six months. Discovery followed, and his copy, the result of so much labor, was ruthlessly taken from him; nor did he see it again until after his brother’s death.

It must have been a welcome escape from this jealous supervision when, at the age of fifteen, his fine treble voice gained him admission to the choir of the Convent of St. Michael at Luneburg. As a consequence he received free

schooling, as well as a training in vocal music; he perfected his studies in the clavier and violin, and, what was dearest to him of all, became a proficient performer upon the organ. During the three years that ensued his attention was mainly centred upon organ music, practical and theoretical, his idol being the venerable Reinken, organist at Hamburg. Next to this, the chief external influence upon his musical development was the French music to be heard at Celle, where, through the medium of the Ducal court band, he made the acquaintance of the works of Couperin, whose style exercised a marked influence upon his early work.

After his voice broke he held for a few months (in 1703) the post of court violinist at Weimar, in the service of the brother of the reigning Duke; but a visit paid by chance to the town of Arnstadt in the autumn of the same year, resulted, to his great joy, in his appointment as organist to the "new church" there. Here the reputation he acquired gained for him, although but a boy of eighteen, indulgences which are a proof of the estimation in which his skill was held. Various irregularities—such as laxity in his training of the church choir, and a too close devotion of unduly extended leisure to his theoretical studies—reached their climax in the unauthorized protraction (into an absence of three months). of a one month's leave granted to him to study the organ under the famous master Buxtehude at Lübeck. On his return to Arnstadt his reprimand from the Consistory, besides laying stress upon his neglect of his duties, maintained that "the organist Bach" had, in his conduct of the church services, "made sundry perplexing varia-

tions and imported divers strange harmonies, in such wise that the congregation was thereby confounded." The upshot of the matter was that in the autumn of 1707 he accepted an invitation to fill the vacant post of organist at Mühlhausen on his own terms. These he made modestly low, stipulating merely for the same sum that he had received at Arnstadt. He remained a year at Mühlhausen, during which time he was married to Maria Barbara, daughter of another Bach who was organist at Gehren.

His first position of real distinction was reached in 1708, when, at the age of twenty-three, he was elected organist to the Ducal Chapel at Weimar, a town already famous as a musical centre. Six years later he was appointed "Hof-Concertmeister" to the Duke. At the time of his going to Weimar Bach's musical studies were complete, and he was already famous as one of the first organists of his day. Now began his activity as a composer, the finest of his organ works being written during the nine years at Weimar. His compositions fall, roughly speaking, into three divisions, corresponding with the three chief episodes in his life; the organ works belonging to the Weimar period, the instrumental works to the six years subsequently spent at Cöthen, and the choral works to the last twenty-seven years of his life, passed at Leipsic. He seems to have had but little direct instruction in composition, and to have arrived at the fullness of his powers by means of diligent study of the best existing models. Upon the result of this his original genius worked in such a manner as to win for him from posterity the title of the "father of music," and to justify Schumann's

dictum that "to Bach music owes almost as great a debt as religion owes to its Founder."

Of the details of Bach's life at Weimar little is known. Its sober routine, eminently acceptable to one so essentially bound up in his home life, was broken by yearly visits to other towns—Halle, Cassel, Leipsic, and Dresden. In his double official capacity as Organist and Master of Court Music he was required, besides directing secular performances, to provide a certain number of church compositions; to this we owe the magnificent series of organ works, as well as a few of his finest church Cantatas. Contemporary testimony was unanimous as to his supremacy as an organist, while his wealth of inspiration and originality in utilizing the resources of his instrument, both as performer and composer, made him, what he has forever remained, absolutely unapproachable as a master of the organ.

The last of his annual expeditions from Weimar was made to Dresden, where he was challenged to a trial of skill by a famous French harpsichord player, Marchand. The challenge was accepted, and Bach duly presented himself for a contest which was awaited with eager anticipation by the musical world at Dresden. At the last moment, however, no Marchand appeared; and inquiry ascertained that he had hurriedly left Dresden that morning, tacitly according the victory to Bach. To the latter's credit it is recorded that the incident in no way affected his generous appreciation of the graceful compositions of the French master, whose music Bach is enthusiastically stated by a contemporary to have played better than its composer himself.

What caused Bach to leave Weimar is not very clear, save that real or imaginary grievances as to his treatment at the Duke's hands seem to have irritated his naturally quick temper. In any case, in 1717 he accepted the post of master of music to Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Cöthen, who had been a frequent visitor at the Court of Weimar. At Cöthen, Bach remained for six years. Being no longer organist, but director of the Prince's court music, his attention during this period was mainly directed to instrumental compositions; and to the period between 1717 and 1723 belong his concerti, sonatas and suites for the clavier; as well as the first part of "Das Wohltemperirte Clavier," the most masterly collection of preludes and fugues in existence. The Prince, a young bachelor and ardent amateur of music, admitted him to a close personal intimacy, even insisting on Bach's accompanying him on his journeys to Carlsbad, Hamburg and other places. In 1719 Bach was at Halle, whither he had traveled in the hope of making the acquaintance of Handel, who was there on a visit to his family. He unfortunately arrived just after Handel had left; a second attempt, ten years later, to meet his famous contemporary was equally unsuccessful.

It was while Bach was with his princely patron at Carlsbad that news reached him of the death of his wife, whom he had left in perfect health. She had succumbed to an illness so short that tidings of it only reached her husband when it was too late; indeed, he returned to Cöthen to find her already buried. Only four of her seven children had survived their infancy, and to these their father's care was

now mainly directed. Of the musical ability of his eldest son, Wilhelm Friedmann, Bach had great hopes; and his "Clavier-Büchlein," "Inventions" for Clavier and the first part of "Das Wohltemperirte Clavier" were designed as a progressive course of instruction for his youthful fingers. Two years after his first wife's death, Bach married again, his choice falling upon Anna Magdalena Wülkens, daughter of a court musician at Weissenfels. He was again entirely happy in his marriage. His wife, who bore him thirteen children, was a fine singer and a musician of cultivated tastes. In many details of his work, such as the copying out of his scores, she was of immense assistance to him.

While at Cothen, Bach had applied for the post of organist to the Jacobi Kirche at Hamburg, but was unsuccessful; the appointment was given to an entirely unknown musician who, as afterwards transpired, had gained it through flagrant bribery. Pleasant as was his intercourse with his patron, Bach seems to have felt the need of a wider public and a wider sphere of work than was attainable at the Cöthen court. Moreover, the Prince had followed his Capellmeister's example and taken to himself a wife. She had no taste for music, a fact which inevitably tended to breed indifference to Bach's efforts in that direction; and a year later Bach returned to the welcome atmosphere of church music, as successor to the famous Kuhnau, Cantor to the Thomasschule at Leipsic.

This position, which he occupied for the rest of his life, Bach took up in May, 1723. His duties at Leipsic were not those of organist; but he had sole direction of the musical

instruction, theoretical and practical, in the school, and also of the music at the four chief churches in the town. Despite the importance of his post, he seems to have enjoyed ample leisure for composition; and to these last twenty-seven years of his life the world is indebted for the greatest of his works, including the "Passions," the Mass in B minor, the Christmas Oratorio, the Magnificat, and upwards of two hundred Church Cantatas.

In common with nearly all great minds, Bach was in many respects in advance of his age. That is to say, we are able at the present day to appreciate the extent to which he anticipated (in elementary fashion, it is true) many of the developments which his art was afterwards to undergo. To take a single instance; a Suite, written at the time of the departure of a favorite brother from home, is one of the earliest examples of what is now known as "programme music." The united laments of the family are heard in protestation at the traveler's farewell, but their efforts are useless, and the music changes to a bustling "finale" of departure through which is heard the call of the postilion's horn. In the "Passions"—even in the great Mass—occur what one is tempted to call "operatic" effects; and it may have been this tendency to descriptiveness (engendered, no doubt, by Bach's close study of contemporary opera) that led to his being obliged, before entering upon his duties as Cantor at Leipsic, to subscribe to a variety of conditions, one of which required him not to make the music in church too long, nor "too operatic," but rather "such as to encourage the hearers to devotion."

Bach's years at Leipsic, full as they were of musical activity, were also full of feuds and friction with the authorities, who seem to have been incapable of understanding the greatness of the man with whom they were dealing, whilst he adopted towards them an independent attitude little calculated to smooth away points of difference. At the time of his going to the Thomasschule, affairs in that institution were falling from bad to worse. An additional stumbling block, moreover, had arisen in the shape of the Opera, which, in respect both of present musical training and future career, presented a formidable rivalry to the School. Bach threw himself heart and soul into the task of reorganization, but neither his work in that quarter nor his attempts to widen his musical influence in Leipsic met with their due recognition; and, being a man of quick temper and impulses, his relations with the municipal council and the consistory were frequently far from harmonious.

Whatever were Bach's relations with the outside world, his own home continually furnished him with consolation and content. With the aid of the musical talents of his wife and children he had made of his house a renowned musical centre, and there amidst his family and his friends he found an encouragement ever ready to counteract any external disappointment. Nor was he without formal honors. He was presented with honorary court appointments by the Elector of Saxony and the Duke of Weissenfels, and, three years before his death, received and accepted a flattering invitation to visit the court of Frederick the Great at Berlin, where his son Emanuel held a musical post. The King, who held no

mean opinion of his own musical powers, received Bach with marked respect and kindness, as a return for which Bach subsequently worked out in considerable elaboration a theme given him by the King, and dedicated it to him as a "Musicalisches Opfer."

From the little we know of his personality, Bach's character seems to have been, like his genius, the concentration of those of his ancestors—deeply religious, of marked probity, simplicity and singleness of purpose, and happy in his lot, genial and encouraging to his pupils, and happy in his large family and the quiet blessings of his home circle. The combined firmness and sweetness of his nature is closely reflected in his music, where the severest regard for beauty of form is tempered by an unerring instinct for emotional effect.

During the later years of his life Bach withdrew a great deal from society. His eyesight, always weak, was becoming defective; indeed, so much did this incapacitate him for the discharge of his duties that in the year before his death the municipal council seriously considered the advisability of appointing a successor to him at the Thomasschule. His eyes were operated upon, but unsuccessfully, by an English oculist of the name of Taylor, who, by a curious coincidence, some years later operated (also unsuccessfully) upon Handel.

Bach died quietly in his sleep on 28th July, 1750. He was buried in the St. John's churchyard at Leipsic, and till quite recently nothing remained to mark his grave, the site of the churchyard having in after years been absorbed into a public thoroughfare. Lately (1896), however, the spot was identi-

fied, and a movement set on foot for the erection of a monument. The only existing official record of his death is an entry in the register, now preserved in the Leipsic town library, to the effect that "a man, aged 67, Johann Sebastian Bach, Musical Director and Singing Master of the Thomasschule, was carried to his grave in a hearse, July 30th, 1750." His death attracted but little notice, for his family were in circumstances too straitened to allow of their paying for the customary funeral oration at the grave. The Master of the Thomasschule made no reference to the event in his annual speech, nor was mention of it made in any Leipsic newspaper. The musical society of the town, however, did not let it pass quite unnoticed, and one of its members communicated to the Berlin press a paragraph to the effect that "the loss of this extraordinarily gifted man will be regretted by all true musicians."

Bach's widow died ten years later in complete poverty. Several of his children managed to make their way in the world unaided; but his youngest daughter was eventually compelled to accept the assistance of a fund to which Beethoven was proud to subscribe, and towards which the Leipsic authorities contributed nothing. Though the name of Bach was still held in reverence by a few admirers, his works gradually dropped out of performance, and it was not until nearly a century had passed that the world of music once more awoke—thanks chiefly to the efforts of Mozart, Mendelssohn and Schumann abroad, and Wesley in England—to a recognition of the supremacy of his genius.

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF BACH'S WORKS

1703-1708 Church Cantatas and Organ, Fugues (mostly destroyed subsequently by Bach); Sonatas and Suites for clavichord.
(at Arnstadt and Mühlhausen).

1708-1717. *Organ Works:* Three Preludes (A minor, C, G.); Three Fugues (G minor, C, G minor); Fifteen Preludes and Fugues; Eight Preludes and Fugues; Three Toccatas and Fugues; Two Fantasias and Fugues; Fantasia in C; Pastorale in F; Passacaglia in C minor.
(at Weimar).

Choral Works: Twenty-four Church Cantatas. Possibly also St. Luke Passion (authenticity doubtful).

Clavichord Works: Four Fantasias; Four Toccatas; Six Fugues; Prelude and Fugue in A minor and B flat; Variations in A minor.

1717-1720 *Organ Works:* Orgelbüchlein (a compilation of works probably written in the Weimar period); Six Sonatas (originally written for pedal harpsichord); G minor Fugue and Prelude.
(at Cöthen).

Choral Works: Four Church Cantatas.

Instrumental Works: "Brandenburg" Concertos (completed in 1721); Part I. of "Das Wohltemperirte Clavier" (1722); Inventions and Symphonies for Clavier (1722); Six "French" Suites and Six "English" Suites for Clavier; Sonatas and Suites for Violin and Violoncello.

1723-1750
(at Leipsic).

Organ Works: Seven Preludes and Fugues; Toccata and Fugue in D minor.

Choral Works: Over 200 Church Cantatas; Magnificat (1723); St. John Passion (1724); St. Matthew Passion (1729); St. Mark Passion (1731)—lost; Christmas Oratorio (1734); Mass in B minor (between 1732 and 1738); Seven Secular Cantatas; Burlesque Cantatas; Cantatas and Dirges for State occasions.

Clavichord Works: "Clavier-Uebung" for Clavier and Organ (1731-42); Two Fantasias and Fugues (A minor, C minor); Four Duets; Variations in G; Part II. of "Das Wohltemperirte Clavier" (1742); Six Partitas; Musikalisches Opfer (1747).

To this period belong also: a "Passion" following text compiled by Bach, probably produced in 1725; and the "Kunst der Fuge," begun in 1749, but not published in Bach's lifetime.

Of Bach's Instrumental Works, only the "Clavier-Uebung" (probably engraved by himself), the "Musikalisches Opfer," and a few organ arrangements of Chorales were published in his lifetime. The "Kunst der Fuge," the plates for which were engraved under his supervision, was published in 1752.

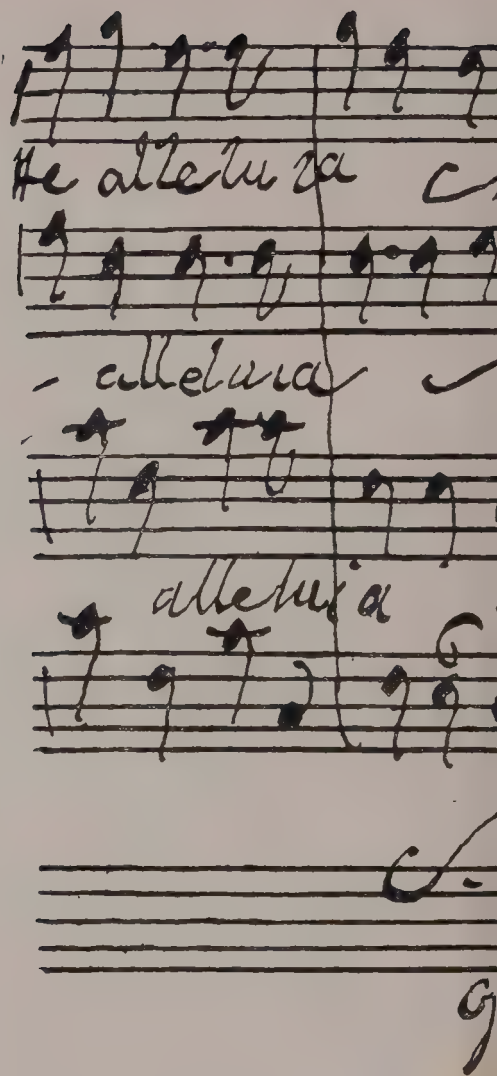
II.—HANDEL (1685-1759).

In the Chapel of the Duke of Sächse-Weissenfels, service is over. The last notes of the "Amen" have died away, and the congregation has dispersed; but in the organ-loft lingers a small group of music-lovers, their wondering looks bent upon the central figure, a bright-eyed little lad of seven summers, who has been lifted up to the organist's seat at the key-board of the instrument. The boy's face is radiant with delight as he runs his chubby fingers deftly over the notes, extracting such music as it has never been his lot to make before and filling his hearers with astonishment at his skill. The Duke's attention is arrested, and he inquires the young musician's name. "It is the little Handel, from Halle," is the answer.

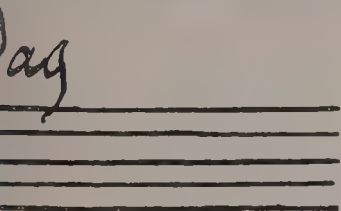
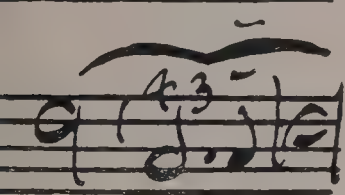
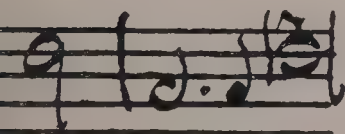
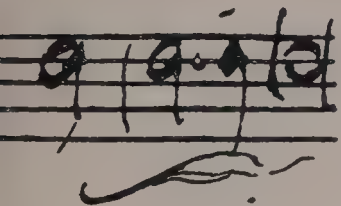
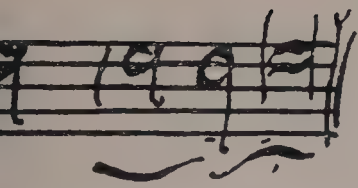
To this incident, which occurred on a Sunday morning two hundred years ago, the world of music owes much; for it was the turning point in the life of one of its most prominent figures. Handel's case is a striking instance of the certainty and rapidity with which a passion for music asserts itself. He was born at Halle, in February, 1685. Almost as soon as he was able to indicate his likes and dislikes he displayed an unmistakable delight in musical sounds, and, as soon as he could crawl, chose as his favorite toy a mimic



GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.



Facsimile from MS. of Handel preserved in British



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Chorus concluding 4th Organ Concerto.)

orchestra of trumpets, horns, drums and jew's harps, from which he extracted a music more gratifying to himself than to his parents. Indeed, as time went on, his father—a conscientious, prosaic surgeon—was much distressed to find that each year brought to his son a keener hankering after what he considered a trivial and demoralizing pursuit. The boy was destined for the law; and it was necessary to make a firm stand. “He would have,” he said, “no more of such jingling; henceforth all houses in which music was practiced must be avoided.” He would not even send his son to school, for fear he should learn his notes there. But the boy's love for his art found a way to circumvent these attempts to wean him from it. With the help, as we must think, of a sympathizing mother or nurse, he contrived to smuggle into his garret an old clavichord—a miniature spinet with its wires muffled by a damper of cloth—and with this spent many happy hours in reproducing any music it was his lot to hear in the churches or the streets.

With his seventh year came the event that determined his future. Circumstances rendered it necessary for his father to make a journey to the court of the Duke of Sächse-Weissenfels, whose chapel was famous for its music. Long and earnestly did the little Handel beg to be allowed to accompany him; but the paternal resolve was stubborn, and he was refused. Not to be daunted, our young musician set out to run after his father's carriage and followed it as far as the first halting-place, where presently, breathless and footsore, he came up with it. His father's anger at his disobedience gave way before his piteous appeals; he agreed to take the

delinquent with him, and the happy boy slept soundly among the cushions for the rest of the way. At Sächse-Weissenfels he soon made friends with the organist, whose good-natured indulgence led to the incident recorded above. The Duke's admiration for the boy's obvious genius made him a powerful ally; and it was in consequence of his eloquent admonitions that the elder Handel consented to offer no further opposition to his son's musical inclinations provided his legal studies were not thereby interrupted, and agreed, on his return to Halle, to place him under the organist's tuition.

After three years the master confessed that his pupil knew all that he could teach him, and recommended that he should be sent to Berlin, where the young Handel made acquaintance with several musicians of more or less note,—some of whom, at first inclined to despise the "infant prodigy," were forced to recognize in him a formidable rival. The Elector showed him marked favor, and offered to bear the expense of sending him to Italy to complete his musical education. This flattering offer was, however, declined; for the elder Handel felt that his days were drawing to a close, and he was reluctant to part with his favorite son. His presentiment was true. Only a few months afterwards he died, leaving the young George Frederick to protect his mother and sisters.

The boy's capacity for work was prodigious. In his affectionate regard for his father's wishes his passion for music was not allowed to obstruct the course of his studies, and it was to his personal character as well as to his precocious musical talents that he owed his appointment, when only

seventeen years of age, as organist to the Moritzburg Cathedral. The post carried with it heavy duties and responsibilities, but Handel's youthful ardor knew no fear of work. Though he was still pursuing his classical studies at the University of Halle, he added to his official duties of organist self-imposed musical tasks, and undertook an amount of labor at which many an older man would have stood aghast. Music was now more and more taking possession of him, and before long all thoughts of the Law were left behind. He felt, moreover, a longing for a position in which he would be unhampered by the restrictions of routine, and could give free play to the abilities which he felt to be rapidly growing within him; so after a year he gave up his post as organist, and entered the opera orchestra at Hamburg as second violin.

In this humble position he patiently waited for his opportunity, and it came to him. During the unexpected absence of the conductor, Handel volunteered to fill his place, which he did so admirably that he was eventually appointed as permanent director of the orchestra. This state of things lasted for three years, during which he had begun busily to compose; two operas, *Almira* and *Nero*, and a "Passion according to St. John" being among his earliest productions. We do not readily think of Handel as an operatic composer; and yet it was in opera that his name became famous, for the great works with which it is familiarly connected were not written till a much later period of his life.

While he was at Hamburg, he went with his friend Mattheson to compete for the post of organist at Lübeck. When, however, they discovered that a condition to be observed by

the successful candidate was that he should marry the daughter of the retiring organist, the two youths returned post-haste to Hamburg!

With Handel's twentieth year came a restless fit, and a strong desire to visit Italy; and thus in 1706 we find him scraping together all available funds and starting off hopefully across the Alps, full of eagerness to learn from what was reputed the great musical school of the age.

In Italy he spent three useful and happy years, working hard and winning fame for himself as well by his marvelous skill upon the harpsichord as by the beauty of his cantatas and operas. The composer Scarlatti is said to have first recognized him at a masquerade in Venice, on hearing him run his fingers over the keyboard of an instrument. "That," exclaimed Scarlatti, "must be either the famous Saxon or the Devil himself!" Handel's operas excited the Italians to unbounded enthusiasm, and during their performance the theatre at Venice often echoed with shouts of "*Viva il caro Sassone!*"—"Long live our dear Saxon!"

After his return to Germany Handel received further proof of the Elector's good-will in the shape of an appointment as Director of Court Music. He had, however, already received such flattering invitations to visit England that he stipulated for certain periods of leave of absence, and the condition was granted him. Thus it was that, in the winter of 1710, Handel, now in his twenty-sixth year, made his first visit to the land which was to become his own by adoption, and with which his name will always be indissolubly connected.

His reception in London was most encouraging. His opera *Rinaldo* (which he wrote in fourteen days) immediately gained him a great measure of popularity: everywhere he made congenial friends, and it was very unwillingly, when the time came, that he returned to his post at Hanover. It was not long, however, before he again obtained leave of absence and hurried back to London; and the next three years were spent in a state of indecision between the desire to remain in London and the knowledge that he ought to be in Hanover. He was still unable to make up his mind to go back to his duties when he learnt the news of Queen Anne's death and the accession of his former patron to the throne of England as King George I. Handel now realized the position into which his fondness for London had led him. The *quondam* Elector was, naturally, incensed at his Capellmeister's neglect of his post, and Handel did not dare to show himself at St. James's. Here his genius stood him in good stead. By the advice of a good-natured friend, Baron Kielmanseck, he composed the beautiful Suite known as the *Water Musick* (1715), and caused it to be performed upon a barge which followed that of the King during a river *fête*. The King's delight at the music, and the successful mediation of the Baron, brought about Handel's forgiveness, which was further emphasized by the gift of a substantial pension.

London now became Handel's home, and England his country. He was gratified by his appointment, in 1718, as Director of Music to the Duke of Chandos at his seat of Cannons, near Edgware. It was during his three years' tenure of this post that the magnificent series of "Chandos" An-

thems was written. During the last half of his life he was a naturalized British subject; and that period saw the production of the works with which his fame is most closely associated, which, moreover, Englishmen are justified in claiming as peculiarly their own. The growth and popularity of oratorio, such as Handel wrote, was distinctly due to the sympathy of its spirit with that of the age in which it was born. The English have not produced a school of music, but they have always met with great receptivity the teachings of masters in the art, and in the case of oratorio may claim by their appreciation to have made its development possible. It is a form of music which, till late years, was barely tolerated, and certainly not understood, on the Continent. So entirely is Handel's memory identified with it, that we are apt to forget how many years of his life had elapsed before he made his first experiments in "sacred dramatic cantata." The first twenty-three years of his residence in London were occupied in writing operas, many of which contain work of great excellence. These succeeded one another with extraordinary rapidity, no less than forty-two operas belonging to the 36 years preceding the composition of the *Messiah*. Handel's facility was at all times remarkable; the wonderful *Messiah* music was written in little more than three weeks.

His "sacred" style, after gradual development in the oratorios of *Esther* (1732), *Deborah* and *Athalia* (1733), arrived at its first full expression in *Saul*, written in 1728—the composer being then in his fifty-fourth year. Its effect was irresistible. Never before, it was said, had such grandeur, pathos and dramatic power been united in a musical

work. Later in the same year was produced *Israel in Egypt*. In this oratorio Handel reaches his highest point in choral writing. The great burden of the work falls upon the huge double choruses, which the composer uses with such marvellous audacity and effect. It is not surprising that at first it was not successful, when presented to a public whose taste had been emasculated by the Italian school of music; but it is now recognized as the supremest effort in all the range of choral writing.

Three years afterwards came *The Messiah*—the climax of Handel's oratorios, and perhaps the most impressive musical composition ever penned. It was first performed in Dublin in aid of a charitable institution, and immediately created what was for those days an unusual sensation. We have it recorded (as the result of the warmth with which the public received the announcement of the performance) that, "when a later advertisement was issued begging that ladies would be pleased to come without hoops and gentlemen without their swords, the purchasers of tickets, by all acceding to the request, enabled the stewards to seat seven hundred persons instead of six." It would be superfluous to dilate upon the beauties of a work so familiar. The custom, now always observed, of standing during the *Hallelujah Chorus* originated at the first performance of the oratorio in Covent Garden, when, as the voices of the choir rang out in the glorious *Hallelujah*, the whole audience, including the King, rose up, moved by one impulse, and remained standing until the end of the chorus. It is stated, on the authority of the Dean of Raphoe, that in answer to a question as to his sen-

sations while composing the chorus, Handel answered, "I did think I did see all Heaven before me, and the great God himself." It is also related that on Lord Kinnoul's complimenting Handel on the "noble entertainment" which he had lately given the town in the *Messiah*, he replied: "My lord, I should be sorry if I only entertained them—I wish to make them better."

The ten remaining years of Handel's life were full of work. To them belong *Samson* (1741), the *Occasional Oratorio* (written to celebrate the "occasion" of the crushing of the Stuart rebellion of 1745), *Judas Maccabaeus* (1746), and *Jephtha* (1751), the last of his oratorios,—besides the famous Dettingen *Te Deum* (1743) and a host of smaller compositions. Latterly he was overtaken by the terrible calamity of almost total blindness from cataract; but his indomitable spirit overcame the depression which was at first the natural outcome of such a trial, and he continued to direct performances of his works with a vigor that seemed scarcely impaired. He died in harness; for it was at the close of a concert at which the *Messiah* had been given, with himself as conductor, that he was taken ill. Eight days afterwards he died, shortly after midnight on April 6th, 1759, at the age of 74; and was thus granted the wish, often expressed by him, that he might die on Good Friday.

Till within ten years of his death Handel's career in London was stormy. His operas at first made a great impression; but as his genius developed his popularity waned, for the methods of composition exhibited in his works were above the heads of the greater part of the musical world. On

one occasion a friend commiserated him on the emptiness of the house during the performance of one of his works. "Never mind," said the sturdy old musician, "the music will sound the better." The would-be purists were offended by the freedom of treatment in his orchestral music, and his general independence of stereotyped forms and antiquated models; while his disdain of what was trivial seemed to them an assumed attitude of superiority. At the same time, the thinkers and musicians of his day—Gay, Pope, Arbuthnot, Fielding, Hogarth, Colley Cibber, Dr. Arne, Pepusch—were his devoted adherents. His triumph came to him before he died. He had educated the taste of the public to the appreciation of a form of music exactly suited to their national characteristics, and his reward was in his position of undisputed supremacy during his later years.

What we know of Handel's personality is derived from the records of his contemporaries, for such of his letters as have been preserved give little indication of what lay below the surface of his nature. Of anecdotes respecting him there is no lack. Neglecting the exaggerations of these, we may gather from them that he was a man of stubborn independence and truthfulness, masking beneath an impetuous and rough manner a kindliness of heart which found its vent in boundless liberality. His temper when roused was almost ungovernable, but his hastiness never betrayed malevolence. Keen to defend what he believed to be the right, he was nevertheless ready, if convinced, to admit himself in the wrong; a simple, single-hearted man, with a character eccentric at times, but lovable and venerable always. He was a

good son and brother, but was never married. His art was his mistress, and he was constant to her. His failings (upon which the majority of the Handel anecdotes are based) consisted in an irascible temper and a somewhat extreme love for the pleasures of the table. But the greatness of the genius eclipses the weakness of the man; and in any one who "has music in his soul" the name of Handel raises a sentiment akin to reverence.

"His figure," says Burney, who knew him well, "was large, and he was sometimes unwieldy in his actions; but his countenance was full of fire and dignity. His general look was somewhat heavy and sour, but when he did smile it was as the sun bursting out of a black cloud. There was a sudden flash of intelligence, wit and good humor beaming in his countenance, which I hardly ever saw in any other. . . . He wore an enormous white wig; and when things went well at the Oratorio, it had a certain nod or vibration which manifested his pleasure and satisfaction. Without it, nice observers were certain that he was out of humor."

His liberality, when it was a question of charity, knew no limits. His benefactions to the Foundling Hospital have been well and gratefully remembered; and throughout his life, even when his funds were at the lowest ebb, there never took place a charitable performance without the assistance of his music, and, if possible, of the composer in person.

It is the misfortune of great men to have their foibles seized upon by the concocters and retailers of anecdote, and Handel's memory has not escaped this fate. It is pleasanter to take at random one or two recorded incidents which may

well be set in contrast to these absurd tales. Burney relates than on one occasion he was singing at sight from a MS. score a song of Handel's, to the composer's accompaniment on the harpsichord. Unfortunately something went wrong, and Handel, with his usual impetuosity, grew violent, a circumstance very terrifying to the young singer. At length, recovering from his fright, Burney ventured to say he fancied there was a mistake in the writing, which upon examination Handel found to be the case; and instantly, with the greatest good humor and humility, said: "I beg your pardon, I am a very odd dog. Master Schmidt is to blame"—Smith being Handel's amanuensis.

Naturally impatient of ignorant comment, Handel was never offended by intelligent criticism, even when adverse. One evening while he was strolling in the Marylebone Gardens with the Rev. J. Fontayne, a musical amateur, "a new piece was struck up by the band. 'Come, Mr. Fontayne,' said Handel, 'let us sit down and listen to this piece. I want to know your opinion of it.' Down they sat; and after some time the old parson, turning to his companion, said, 'It is not worth listening to—it is very poor stuff.' 'You are right, Mr. Fontayne,' replied Handel, 'it is very poor stuff. I thought so myself when I had finished it.' The old gentleman, taken by surprise, was beginning to apologize, but Handel assured him there was no necessity; that the music was really bad, having been composed hastily, and that the opinion given was as correct as it was honest."

At the time of the King's coronation Handel was very angry with the Bishops for sending him the words for the

anthem he was to compose for the occasion. "I have read my Bible very well," he said, "and shall choose for myself." His sensibility was great, and he was easily affected by any right emotion. His servant declared that he "often stood silent with astonishment to see his master's tears mingling with the ink as he penned his divine compositions"; and Burgh relates that "a friend, calling upon the great musician, when he was in the act of setting those pathetic words, 'He was despised and rejected of men,' found him absolutely sobbing."

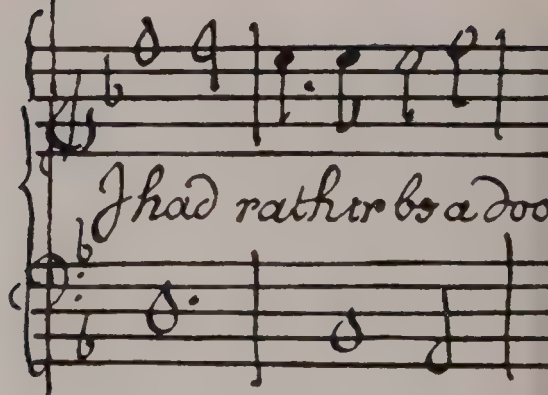
Handel stands pre-eminent in his art as a master of choral writing, and his works in their time exercised a greater influence upon English music than those of any other composer. Some of the noblest who followed in his path have been the warmest in admiration of his genius. Haydn used to speak of him as "the father of all the composers." Mozart said: "Handel knows better than any one of us what is capable of producing a great effect; when he chooses he can strike like a thunderbolt." And Beethoven, greatest of all his successors, wrote of him: "He is the monarch of the musical kingdom. I would bow my head and kneel before his tomb."

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF HANDEL'S WORKS.

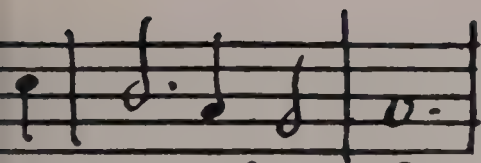
1704. Almira; St. John Passion.
 1705. Nero.
 1707. Rodrigo.
 1708. Agrippina; Aci e Galatea; Trionfo del Tempo e della Verità; Resurrezione.
 1711-1720. Six Operas (including Rinaldo, 1711).
 1713. Utrecht Te Deum.
 1715. Concerto in F; Water Music.
 1716. Passion Oratorio.
 1718-1720. "Chandos" Anthems.
 1720. Suites and Fugues for Clavecin, Acis and Galatea (masque); Haman and Mordecai (masque, first version of "Esther").
 1721-1730. Fifteen Operas.
 1727. Coronation Anthems.
 1731-1740. Sixteen Operas.
 1732. Esther.
 1733. Athalia.
 1736. Alexander's Feast.
 1737. Funeral Anthem for Queen Caroline.
 1738. Saul; Israel in Egypt; Six Organ Concertos (second set, 1740; third set, posthumous, 1760).
 1739. Ode for St. Cecilia's Day; Twelve Grand Concertos.
 1740. L'Allegro, il Penseroso, ed il Moderato.
 1741. Samson; Messiah.
 1743. Joseph; Dettingen Te Deum; Semele.
 1744. Hercules; Belshazzar.
 1745. Occasional Oratorio.
 1747. Judas Maccabæus.

1747. Joshua.
1748. Susanna; Solomon; Alexander Balus.
1749. Theodora; Firework Music.
1750. Choice of Hercules.
1751. Jephtha.
1757. Triumph of Time and Truth.

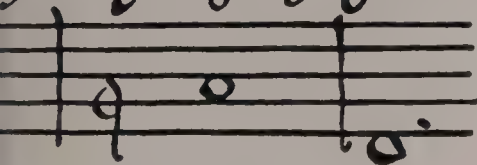
Solo:



Facsimile from MS. of Purcell

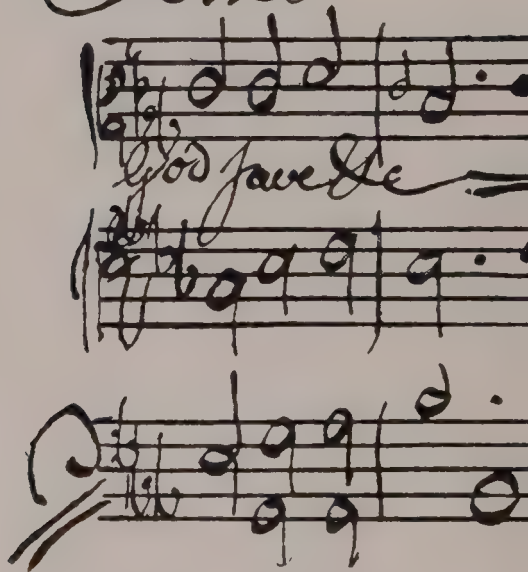


My house of my God:

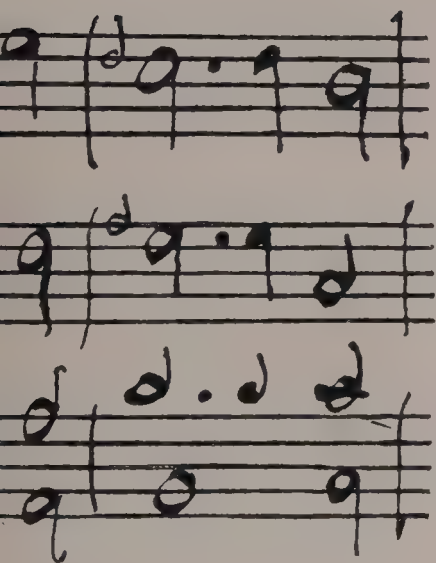


British Museum. (Anthem.)

Chorus.



*Facsimile from MS. of Arne preserved in the B
for Dr*



an arrangement of the National Anthem made
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III.—TWO ENGLISH COMPOSERS:

PURCELL (1658-1695),

DR. ARNE (1710-1778).

It has been said with truth that, had Purcell's life been longer, the history of English music would have been different. Circumstances combined with his genius to make him our most original and representative musician. Unusually gifted with melody, he was unfettered by adherence to any "school." He died before Handel came to England, and so escaped both the comparison with that composer's genius and the cramping effect of the imitation of his style which for so many years checked all spontaneity in English music. Finally, he recognized that his art—at any rate in this country—was still in its infancy, and that the musician who was to do it good service must move forward with unrestricted and confident steps. This he did; but of his successors none had the individuality or the self-confidence necessary to carry on his work. Had he lived longer; had he during his lifetime been better known both in and out of his own country; or,

after his death, had the influence of foreign music been less irresistible,—there might have grown up, from the beginning which he made, a genuine English School of music.

Henry Purcell was born in Westminster, in the year 1658. From his infancy his surroundings were musical, and everything conspired to foster the inclinations he had by inheritance. His father and his uncle were both musicians, and Gentlemen of the Chapel Royal. The former, who was a man of weak physique, died before the young Purcell had reached his sixth year; but his position and reputation stood his son in good stead. The boy's evident aptitude soon gained him admission to the choir of the Chapel Royal, where he remained until his voice broke. He seems to have been a bright, independent little fellow, never so happy as when busy with pencil and paper in the composition of some anthem on the model of those he was constantly singing. Dr. Blow, the organist of Westminster Abbey, and an excellent musician, happened to see some of his more ambitious efforts. He was so struck with the originality they displayed, that, when the clear treble voice broke and singing was for a time out of the question, he proposed, to the boy's great delight, to give him some lessons in composition. What good fruit his instruction bore, and how far the pupil eventually outstripped the master, is significantly told by an inscription on Dr. Blow's tombstone, where it is recorded in his honor that he was "Master to the famous Mr. H. Purcell."

The precocity of Purcell's youthful compositions would perhaps not have been so remarkable but for their undoubt-

edly spontaneous character, and it is by reason of this quality in his music that he stands so far above his contemporaries. As applied to Purcell, the title of "Father of English Music" is no meaningless phrase. He may be said to have infused fresh vitality into every department of his art. He gave a new life to Church music; his chamber music and orchestral writing displayed a hitherto unapproached skill and fertility of design; while, as a writer for the voice, he won a unique position among English composers.

It is greatly to be regretted that the records we have of his life are so meagre. In his own day he was by no means widely known in England, and only a small proportion of his work was published during his lifetime. Throughout his early years Dr. Blow continued a good friend to him. His influence secured Purcell's appointment as "Copyist" at the Abbey, and four years afterwards, on the Doctor's resignation of the post, the young musician, when barely four-and-twenty, succeeded his former instructor as organist. During these years anthems, songs and sonatas flowed in numbers from his facile pen; and his writing, apart from its freshness and independence, gave signs of a rare musical tact, evident in his vocal music from the aptness with which the melody fits the words. Anyone acquainted with Purcell's songs will understand how the sense of this vigorous and accurate setting of the words led Burney to say that "to his mind Purcell's vocal music was sometimes as superior to Handel's as an original poem to a translation." In 1680, shortly after his appointment as organist to the Abbey, Purcell wrote his opera, *Dido and Æneas*. Its first perform-

ance was private. The original title runs: "Dido and Æneas. An Opera performed at Mr. Josiah Priest's Boarding-School at Chelsea, by young Gentlewomen." Had he written nothing else, this work would have given him peculiar prominence as an English composer. Here was attempted for the first time an English opera in which the words were sung throughout; and in its execution musicians scarcely knew which to admire most—its wealth of melody, or the unusual effectiveness with which the orchestra was handled in accompaniment to the voice. In the same year took place another event of importance to Purcell, his marriage; but of his wife we know nothing.

The success of *Dido and Æneas* led him to turn his attention for some time mainly to dramatic music, for which his genius was so obviously fitted. The best known of his compositions during the next fifteen years are his music to *The Tempest* (1590), *Dioclesian* (1690, the only opera printed in his lifetime), and Dryden's *King Arthur* (1691). Dryden's admiration for Purcell was very great, and on one occasion found expression in the couplet:

"Sometimes a hero in an age appears,
But scarce a Purcell in a thousand years."

Of the beauty of Purcell's *Tempest* music it is not necessary to speak. "Come into these yellow sands" and "Full fathoms five" are songs as easily and as readily admired now as they were two hundred years ago.

The composer Matthew Locke, though considerably Purcell's senior, was one of his most intimate friends. There

has been preserved a letter of his in which he invites the younger Purcell to a musical gathering in the following terms:

"DEAR HARRY.—Some of the gentlemen of His Majesties musick will honor my poor lodgings with their company this evening, and I would have you come and join them: bring with thee, Harry, thy last anthem, and also the canon we tried over together at our last meeting Thine in all kindness,

M. LOCKE."

There is also a record, in Doran's "Annals of the Stage," of the two friends having acted together in public. On one occasion, Doran tells us, Davenent's *Siege of Rhodes* was performed by a company of amateurs which included Matthew Locke and Harry Purcell.

As if to show that his dramatic labors had in no way impaired his powers in the domain of sacred music, Purcell produced, in the last year of his life, a composition of a singularly solemn and impressive character. This was the music for the funeral service of Queen Mary. Perhaps the most eloquent tribute to its excellence is the fact that the anthem "Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts," has been used at every choral funeral service that has taken place at Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's since its first production. Dr. Croft, whose Burial Office has in great measure superseded Purcell's, refrained from composing to these words, on the ground that "Purcell's music was unapproachable," and incorporated the anthem in question into his own work.

Purcell's constitution was delicate by inheritance, and had become still further weakened by the strain of late hours necessitated by his professional duties. After a short illness, he died on November 21st, 1695, the eve of St. Cecilia's Day. In Westminster Abbey is a tablet to his memory; the inscription, whose authorship has been attributed to Dryden, runs: "Here lyes Henry Purcell, Esq., who left this life, and is gone to that blessed place where only his harmony can be exceeded."

We know, as has been already said, scarcely anything of his personality; but he seems to have been of a bright and joyous nature, overflowing with spirits as his music overflows with melody, yet—as is also evident from his music—capable of deep emotion. It was, no doubt, his geniality and an appreciation of merry friendship that gave rise to the stories told of his love of tavern company. Had he in reality been the tap-room roysterer that some of these tales would make him, he would scarcely have found the favor he did with men of position and refinement. All his recorded utterances respecting his own work are marked by a scrupulous modesty. He was well aware of the importance of the services he wished to render to English music, but his conviction of the possible development of his work by his successors led him to undervalue his own performance. He was acquainted with the work of contemporary musicians in Italy, and was able to estimate their influence on his art; at the same time he was fully alive to the possibility of the growth of a purely English school of music. Neither was his name entirely unknown, even in his lifetime, among

foreign musicians. Mr. Cummings relates his having seen, in a contemporary French MS., mention of "M. Pourselle"; while Corelli declared that "Purcell would be the only thing worth seeing in England, if ever he should be able to make the journey thither."

Purcell's estimate of the position of English music in his time may be seen from the following extract from the dedication of one of his works. "Poetry and painting," he says, "have arriv'd to perfection in this country; Musick is but yet in its nonage,—a forward child, which gives hopes of what it may be hereafter in England when the masters of it shall find more encouragement. 'Tis now learning Italian, which is its best master, and studying a little of the French air, to give it somewhat more of gaiety and fashion. Thus being further from the sun we are of later growth than our neighbor countries, and must be content to shake off our barbarity by degrees." Though during his lifetime the general public by no means realized the importance of his work, his position among his fellow-musicians was soon determined. Dr. Tudway, a fellow-chorister and life-long friend of his, says of him: "He had a most commendable ambition of exceeding everyone of his time, and he succeeded in it without contradiction; there being none in England, nor anywhere else that I know of, that could come in competition with him for compositions of all kinds."

Purcell modestly regarded himself as one qualified merely to give a passing impulse to his art; we can now appreciate how fruitful might have been his endeavors had not external

influences proved fatal to their development at the hands of those who came after him.

One of the most original and most successful of English followers of Purcell in the field of melody was THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE. There are—to compare small things with great—some curious points of similarity between Arne's early days and those of Handel. Both were intended for the law by a father who regarded the musician's calling with distrust; both managed to evade all attempts to separate them from the opportunity or the means of learning music; and in the case of each it was by an unlooked-for chance that the father's eyes were opened to the irrepressible bent of his son's disposition. Arne's father, who was an upholsterer in Covent Garden, was determined to make a solicitor of his son, and to that end sent him to be educated at Eton. In that way the future musician enjoyed, through his father's determination, the advantage of an education to which he no doubt owed much of the refinement which characterized him and his work.

From Eton—where he distinguished himself more as a performer on the flute than by his love for the classics—he was sent to a solicitor's office. For three years he dutifully worked at the law, but his thoughts were far elsewhere. He had saved enough money to buy an old spinet, which he managed to convey into his room; and upon this, after prudently muffling its strings with handkerchiefs, he secretly practiced during every minute that he could steal from his distasteful studies. Wherever and whenever he could he

scraped acquaintance with persons of musical tastes, and was thus enabled surreptitiously to hear a certain amount of music, which it was his greatest delight to endeavor to reproduce on his beloved spinet. His greatest desire was to hear opera, but it was very rarely that he could afford to pay for a ticket. His enthusiasm suggested an expedient. It was at this time the custom during the opera season to admit footmen in livery to a part of the upper gallery, free; and to this Elysium the happy boy found his way in the borrowed livery of a sympathetic flunkey. What he heard there fired him with the desire to learn the violin, in the hope that he might some day be able to become a member of the orchestra. By hook and crook he managed to get a few lessons on the instrument, for which he displayed such remarkable aptitude that before very long he was taking part in performances of chamber music held at the house of a friend of his instructor.

Here it was that his father unexpectedly found him, playing first violin in a quarette. At first there was a storm, anger and amazement struggling together in the parental bosom; but after a while the disappointed upholsterer began to realize that his efforts to induce his son to give up his music and attend to the law would be entirely fruitless, and he was wise enough to acquiesce with as good a grace as possible. This difficulty overcome, all went well with the young musician. Under regular instruction his proficiency on the violin increased with great rapidity, and nightly he was the centre of an admiring circle of relations, lost in wonder at his skill and the beauty of the melodies he improvised for them. The instinct of composition was strong in

him, and before very long his songs, which he was continually writing, began to find publishers; with so much success that, in 1733, when only in his twenty-third year, Arne ventured upon the composition of an opera.

This work, *Rosamund*, was fairly well received, and has an additional interest from the fact that in it the composer's sister, Susanna Maria—afterwards the famous Mrs. Cibber—made her first public appearance upon the stage. Her enthusiastic brother had discovered that she possessed a fine voice, which he set himself diligently to train, in order that she might appear as the heroine of his first opera. *Rosamund* was recognized as a work of considerable promise, and five years later Arne made a genuine success with his music to *Comus*. In this became conspicuous the great gift of melody, evident in all his compositions; the enduring quality that some of his airs have proved to possess is in itself sufficient testimony to their charm.

Probably to many who have heard and sung our stirring national ballad "Rule Britannia!" a hundred times, the name of Dr. Arne is unknown as its composer. It occurs in his *Masque of Alfred*, first performed in 1740. The same year is marked by his marriage to Cecilia Young, who was considered the finest singer of her day; and the event was soon followed by his appointment as "Musical Author" to Drury Lane Theatre, together with that of Mrs. Arne as chief vocalist. Arne composed for Drury Lane a variety of works, ranging from grave to gay, including the setting to music of numerous odes for David Garrick. The latter, however, does not appear to have been uniformly satisfied with his "Musi-

cal Author's" efforts, and the relations between them were frequently strained, especially after the conferring upon Arne of the degree of Doctor of Music at Oxford, in 1759. There exists a note in Garrick's handwriting, which dates from this period, and runs as follows: "Sir,—I have read your play and rode your horse, and do not approve of either." The note is endorsed: "Designed for Dr. Arne, who sold me a horse, a very dull one; and sent me a comic opera, ditto."

What we know of Arne's life, after his position as a musician was established, resolves itself into a few bare facts. He was very prolific in composition, providing a good deal of the music for Vauxhall Gardens besides his work for Drury Lane. Some years after his marriage he visited Ireland with his wife; and it was after their return in 1762 that he produced his opera *Artaxerxes*, his best work, and that with which his name is, to musicians, most closely bound up. Its success was unequivocal, and assured the fame of its composer.

It cannot be claimed for Arne that his music has any very distinctive style; but if it does not display the originality and resource of Purcell, it is at least remarkable for its wealth of melody. There is in many of his songs a curious similarity in character to that of the old Scottish ballads. These he sometimes professedly imitated, and at all times there is much in his music that recalls them. His larger works are now never heard in their entirety; but it is not so many years since Jenny Lind proved that the beauty of his songs was as eloquent as ever, and more recently other singers have won considerable success by reviving some of his forgotten melo-

dies. Such songs as "Where the Bee Sucks" and "Polly Willis" never lose their charm; and, if for nothing else, Arne deserves grateful remembrance as the composer of "Rule Britannia!"—probably the finest national song possessed by any country.

Arne was weakest in sacred composition. He wrote more than one oratorio, but they were of no particular merit, and eventually he wisely confined himself to secular music. There his work was not exposed to deadening comparison with the giant genius of Handel, which seemed to be absorbing all the life of sacred music.

The close of his life was calm and happy. Welcome everywhere on account of his bright disposition; in intimate and congenial friendship with Handel, Dr. Greene, Pepusch, and other musical celebrities of the day; the necessity for rivalry and the opportunity of jealous bickering gone,—all went smoothly with him until his death, which occurred on March 5th, 1778. His hopeful nature lives again in his music; and unfamiliar as much of his work must be to Englishmen of to-day, they may well spare him a tribute of recollection when their pulses are stirred by the notes of "Rule Britannia!"

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF
PURCELL'S WORKS.

1676. Music to "Aurung-Zebe" and "The Libertine."
1677. Music to "Abdelazor."
1678. Music to "Timon of Athens."
1680. "Dido and Æneas"; Music to "Theodosius" and two Odes.
1683. Sonatas in three parts; various Odes.
1686. Music to "Tyrannic Love."
1688. Music to "Fool's Preferment."
1690. Music to "The Tempest"; "Dioclesian"; "Amphitryon"; Yorkshire Feast Song.
1691. Music to "King Arthur."
1692. Music to "The Indian Queen"; "The Fairy Queen"; Ode to St. Cecilia's Day.
1694. Te Deum and Jubilate in D; Funeral Anthem for the Queen; Music to "Don Quixote."
1695. Music to "Bonduca."
-

Published after his death.

1696. Lessons for the Harpsichord or Spinnet.
1697. Ten Sonatas in four parts.

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF
ARNE'S WORKS.

1733. Rosamund; The Opera of Operas.
1734. Dido and Æneas (masque).
1736. Music to "Zara"; The Fall of Phaeton.
1738. Music to "Comus."
1740. Music to "The Judgment of Paris"; Music to "Alfred" (containing "Rule, Britannia!"); Music to "As You Like It."
- 1740-1742. Minor pieces, including Songs in "Twelfth Night" and "The Merchant of Venice."
1743. Britannia; Eliza; Thomas and Sally.
1745. Music to Colon and Phoebe.
1746. Music to "The Tempest" (masque).
1755. Abel.
1762. Artaserxe; Love in a Village (compilation);
1764. Judith.
1765. Olimpiade.
1769. Ode for Shakespeare Jubilee.
- 1770-1775. Minor pieces.
1776. Music to "Caractacus."



*Lentem^t.
Pizzicato.*

Flauto solo

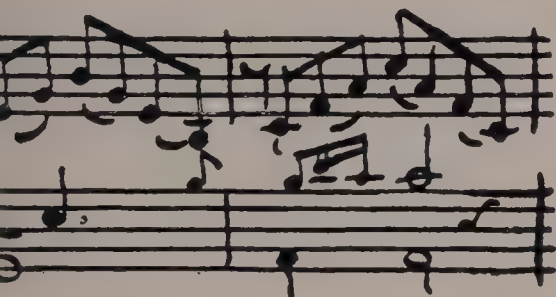
Obi solo

corni in C Solo

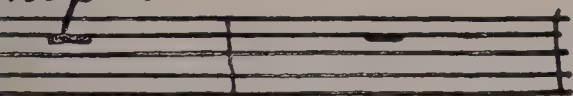
Alceste en g'le

Violoncelli

pizzicati



nape'.



ceste."

IV.—GLUCK (1714-1787).

In the history of music Gluck will forever stand side by side with Wagner as a reformer of opera. The revolution brought about in our own times by Wagner differed in circumstances and in degree, but hardly at all in kind, from that effected a hundred years earlier by Gluck. Both found opera imprisoned in the fetters of convention and reduced to the condition of little more than an excuse for the display of vocalization. In the conviction that the closest intimacy between the music and the spirit of the words it illustrated was absolutely essential to the life of opera as an art; in the use of the orchestra as a means of "color"; and in a general "sweet-reasonableness" and sense of dramatic fitness, Gluck was Wagner's precursor. Indeed, in certain details of technique he anticipated, in elementary fashion, the elaborate effects of the great genius that was to succeed him.

"Music," wrote Gluck in the dedication of one of his finest operas, "should in opera occupy towards poetry the same relation as is held by a color scheme and *chiaroscuro* towards a fine drawing; that is to say, to add life to its ngures without injuring their outline," "You cannot imagine," he says

again in a letter to a friend, "the number of hues and combinations of which music is capable, nor the many paths that lie open to it." We are nowadays so accustomed to look for an intimate connection between music and action in opera, that it is hard to realize how completely meaningless was the operatic music of Gluck's day, or how firmly set were the obstacles of artificiality that his method was destined to overthrow. It was above all the era of florid vocalization. Little else was held of much account,—whether appropriateness in the airs themselves, or dramatic fitness in the manner of their introduction. Opera is, and must always be, to a great extent an artificial thing, based on conventions which are, strictly speaking, unreasonable, but are also inevitable. If Wagner sometimes erred in too lofty a disregard of these limitations, Gluck performed an inestimable service to opera by clearing the ground of many that had been arbitrarily imposed and had threatened the very life of the art.

Born on 2nd July, 1714, at Weidenwang (in the Upper Palatinate), CHRISTOPH WILLIBALD GLUCK passed his early years at Prince Lobkowitz's castle of Eisenberg, his father being attached to the Prince's household in the capacity of forester. His boyhood's education, both general and musical, he received in a Jesuit school in Bohemia, and at the age of eighteen, already master of several instruments, was able to gain a living for himself at Prague by singing and playing at public concerts and private entertainments. In 1736 he migrated to Vienna, and there, through the kind offices of Prince Lobkowitz, made the acquaintance of Prince Melzi,

an influential amateur of music, who took him with him to Milan, gave him a post in his private band, and provided him with a thorough instruction in the theory of his art.

During eight years spent in Prince Melzi's service Gluck composed as many operas—*Artaxerxe*, his first composition, being produced at Milan in 1741. These early operas were well received; and although their real merit has not proved sufficient to keep them alive, the praise they brought to Gluck at the time was sufficient to fill him with a sense of his importance, and to minister to his vanity, which was considerable. In 1745 he payed an ill-starred visit to London, being invited by Lord Middlesex to assume the position of "composer of opera" to the King's Theatre, Haymarket. Three operas were duly composed and performed, and all were failures. It is probable that they deserved the fate with which they met, and that Handel was not far wrong in denouncing their music as "detestable." Their composer, he declared, "knew no more of counterpoint than his cook." At the same time political matters, in all the ferment of the Scottish rebellion, absorbed the interest of the public; moreover, in the days of Garrick, Macklin, Quin, Barry, Peg Woffington and Kitty Clive, it needed something better in the way of opera than a mere imitation of familiar Italian models to compete with the attractions of the drama. From his high estate as "composer of opera" to the King's Theatre, Gluck fell to the acrobatic status of a performer on the "musical glasses"! The *General Advertiser* of April, 1746, states that he played "a concerto on 26 drinking glasses tuned with spring water, accompanied with the whole band,

being an instrument of his own invention upon which he performs whatever may be done on a violin or harpsichord."

The severe blow dealt by his English visit to Gluck's self-esteem had the salutary effect of changing his style for the better. After a visit to Paris, where he made Rameau's operas the object of his attention, he returned to Vienna. That city was his headquarters for many years spent in study and composition, the immediate outcome being various operas and operettas, including *La Clemenza di Tito* (produced at Naples in 1751). The composition of this opera, from whose airs he borrowed freely for some of his later works, marks his first advance towards individuality of style. By this time he had become a married man. In 1749, a year of which he wrote to a friend that it had been at once the happiest and the most unhappy of his life, he fell in love with the daughter of a wealthy Viennese banker of the name of Pergin. The stern parent would not hear of his daughter's marriage with a musician, and Gluck sought diversion from his grief by a visit to Rome, where his opera *Telemacco* was produced in 1750. Early in that year his innamorata's father died, and after a few month's interval the devoted pair were married. The union seems to have been in every way most fortunate, the only bar to the happiness of Gluck and his wife being their childlessness. They eventually adopted a niece of Gluck's, who, to their deep grief, died young. Between the years 1754 and 1756 he paid a second visit to Rome, and there received a tribute to his genius in the shape of admittance by the Pope into the noble order of the Golden Spur. Henceforth he styled himself (as

he was entitled to do) the "Ritter" or "Chevalier" von Gluck. In Vienna, *Orfeo ed Euridice* was produced in 1762, *Alceste* in 1767, and *Paride ed Elena* in 1769. These operas, which met with a fair amount of success, were evidence of his ability to carry into practice his theory of opera as a national and coherent form of art; his principle being, as he wrote himself at the time, "to restrict the art of music to its true object,—that of aiding the effect of poetry by giving greater expression to the words and scenes, but without interrupting the action of the plot and without weakening the impression by a needless elaboration of orchestration." If certain of his compositions during this period seem unworthy of him, it must be remembered that circumstances had obliged him from time to time to write *pieces d'occasion*, for which he can now have had but little sympathy, for the Court theatre and for his various princely patrons.

Personal jealousies and the trend of public taste having combined to render the criticism of his own countrymen bitterly hostile to him, Gluck resolved to try his fortunes in Paris, where his great personal favor with the Princess Marie Antoinette (to whom he had acted as singing master before her departure for France) was sure to stand him in good stead. With the assistance of the Bailly du Rollet, an attache to the French embassy in Vienna, he attained his object, and created a profound sensation with an opera *Iphigénie en Aulide*, produced in Paris in 1774. He was fortunate in the material upon which he worked, Du Rollet, one of the cleverest of the many brilliant men of letters of the day, having furnished him with an exceptionally effective

libretto founded on Racine's *Iphigénie*. In the artistic as well as in the social world the conditions were ripe for a return to the "natural" as opposed to the artificial. In a court and society as corrupt in morals as they were brilliant in manners, Rousseau's call to simplicity and romance had come as a welcome relief to Voltaire's pitiless exposure of the social, political and religious insincerity of his time; and in the consequent atmosphere of reform Gluck's revolution in the methods of opera was welcome as a ray of light in dark places. "With such music," one of the leading *dilettanti* of the day is reported to have said, "one might found a new religion." The composer's intense earnestness and the persistence with which he carried out his design of reality and appropriateness in his music are illustrated by an anecdote which may be repeated here, though it in reality belongs to an incident connected with the rehearsal of a later opera of Gluck's—the *Iphigénie en Tauride*, produced in 1779. In this opera Orestes is seen alone in his prison, after the murder of Clytemnestra. Flinging himself wearily upon a bench, he exclaims, "Calm reigns once more within my heart!"—in accompaniment to which words, however, there are still heard restless and perturbed strains of music, intended by the composer to emphasize the unreality of Orestes' pretended sentiments. At the rehearsal in question, the band, puzzled by the discrepancy between the nature of the words and their musical accompaniment, stopped short, thinking that it was due to some mistake on the part of the copyist, when Gluck turned hastily round and shouted, "Go on, go on!—He is lying, he has killed his mother!"

There is little doubt that Gluck made use of every possible method of *réclame* to herald his invasion of the French musical world; also that, had it not been for the august patronage bestowed upon him, together with his critics' eagerness to join their praises to those of his royal patroness, such opposition as confronted him would have been more formidable than proved to be the case. At the same time it must ungrudgingly be conceded that a success which could change, once for all, the tenor of operatic composition, and could oust from his pedestal such a popular idol as Rameau, was as deserved as it was indubitable. "It is one of the longings of my heart," he says in a letter to a French journal, "to create a music that shall appeal to all people, one by which the ridiculous distinctions of 'national' music shall be effaced." The impression made by *Iphigénie en Aulide* was deepened by the production, later in the same year, of a French revised version of *Orfeo ed Eurydice*. After the success of this he was granted by Marie Antoinette a pension of 6000 francs, with the promise of a similar bounty for every work he should produce on the French stage. Gratitude committed him to the composition of some lighter pieces commanded by his patroness, which met with but partial approval from musicians; but he again scored a brilliant success with a revised version of his *Alceste*, produced in Paris in 1776. An accusation of want of melody in his music was met by the graceful *Armide*, performed in the following year; and his final and decisive triumph over his rivals in opera was secured by the production, in 1779, of his *Iphigénie en Tauride*.

The last two or three years of Gluck's residence in Paris are memorable for the heated conflicts (in pamphlet, epigram and satire) between his partisans and those of the Italian composer, Piccini, who represented the "old" school of opera. Of his opponents Gluck wrote to the Duke of Braganza that they "waged war against a method which, should it take root, would annihilate their own pretensions." The summoning of Piccini from Rome to Paris was mainly due to Madame Du Barry, the King's mistress, whose jealous rivalry to Marie Antoinette inspired her with the desire to pose in her turn as a patroness of the arts. The war of words raged fiercer and fiercer. The Piccinists accused Gluck of want of melody, creative genius, or refinement; his supporters retorted that Piccini possessed still less of any of these merits. At last the director of the Paris Opera brought matters to a head by the suggestion—at first demurred to, but afterwards complied with—that Gluck and Piccini should both compose an opera upon the same subject, and that thus their pretensions should be put to an equal test. The result was a pair of operas on the subject of Euripides' "Iphigenia in Tauris." Gluck's, as has been already said, obtained an instantaneous and overwhelming triumph. Piccini's, whether from a sense of defeat or as the result of a little bit of sharp practice on the part of Gluck's supporters, did not see the light until two years later, and then was of no avail in maintaining his pretensions against those of his undoubtedly greater opponent.

The heat of the final battle seems to have worn out Gluck's forces, for his last opera, *Echo et Narcisse*, was not a suc-

cess. Embittered by the turn events had taken, he returned to Vienna in 1780, in spite of Marie Antoinette's endeavors to induce him to stay in France. He intended at this time to write yet another opera, on the subject of *Les Danaïdes*; but broken health forbade, and he made a present of the libretto to a favorite pupil. In Vienna he passed the remaining years of his life, in enjoyment of his fame and the fortune he had amassed; enthusiastic to the end in defense of his artistic theories, and generous in his appreciation of genius in others, as his warm and discerning approbation of the compositions of the young Mozart showed. He died, of apoplexy, on 15th November, 1787. His wife survived him thirteen years.

Gluck's personal temperament was a combination of vanity and impetuosity, coupled with deep devotion to his art and a generous appreciation of the good work of others in the same direction. His whims and fancies as to his methods of working were characteristic, if a trifle theatrical. To warm his imagination, we are told, he more than once had his clavier taken into the middle of a beautiful meadow; and it was sitting thus, flanked by an open bottle of champagne on either hand, that he composed some of the most melodious passages in his operas. Certainly there are scenes in his works, notably that of the Elysian Fields in the *Orphée et Eurydice*, that convey an unmistakably "open-air" impression; and it is not at all impossible that the freshness of much that he wrote was due to this, or to some similar, detachment from the prosaic distractions of everyday life.

As an orchestral conductor he had no mercy. "Good-natured and lovable as Gluck is in all other relations of life," writes a contemporary of his, "he becomes, as soon as he stands at the conductor's desk, the veriest tyrant. The slightest error puts him into a towering passion, vented in the strongest language. . . . His manner is often so brusque that players refuse to sit under him, and are only reconciled by the intervention of the Emperor with his gentle 'There, you know he does not mean it; it is only his way!' . . . His mien and gesture when conducting reflect the various moods of the music. He lives and dies with his heroes; he rages with Achilles, weeps with Iphigenia, and in the dying scene of *Alceste* throws himself back in his chair and becomes as a corpse."

A little portrait of him in his home life is given by Dr. Burney, who visited him in Paris while he was at the height of his fame. "He is very well housed in Paris," says Burney, "has a broad garden and a number of great and elegantly furnished rooms. He has no children. Madame Gluck and his niece, who lives with him, came to receive us at the door, as well as the veteran composer himself. He is much pitted with the smallpox, is very coarse in figure and look, but very soon got into a good humor; and he talked, sang and played, as Countess Thurm observed, more than she ever knew him do at any other time."

His music, besides being that of a reformer and—one might also say—a prophet, appears in addition to its originality, to combine the finest qualities of the operatic music that preceded it, uniting an Italian knowledge of vocaliza-

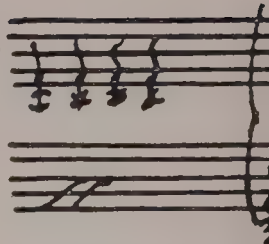
tion and a French grace of manner with the genius for orchestration which seems to be peculiarly Teutonic. Berlioz, one of the most imaginative of his followers in opera, wrote of Gluck's music that "The truth of expression which brings with it purity of style and grandeur of form is of all time; the beautiful pages of Gluck will forever remain beautiful."

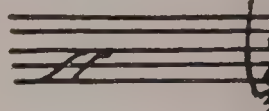
CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF GLUCK'S WORKS.

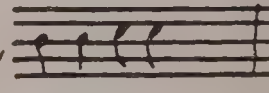
- 1741. Artaxerxe (Milan).
- 1742. Demofoonte (Milan); Cleonice, or Demetrio (Venice); Ipermestra (Venice).
- 1743. Artamene (Cremona); Siface (Milan).
- 1744. Fedra (Milan).
- 1745. Poro, or Alessandro nell'Indie (Turin).
- 1746. La Caduta de' Giganti (London); Artamene rewritten (London); Piramo e Tisbe (London).
- 1748. Semiramide riconosciuta (Vienna).
- 1749. Filide (Copenhagen).
- 1750. Telemacco (Rome).
- 1751. La Clemenza di Tito (Naples).
- 1754. L'Eroe Cinese (Schönbrunn). Il Trionfo di Camillo (Rome); Antigono (Rome).
- 1759. Cythere Assiégée (Vienna; produced at Versailles, 1775).
- 1760. Tetide (Vienna).
- 1762. Orfeo ed Euridice (Vienna); Le Poirier (Vienna; produced at Versailles, 1775).
- 1763. Ezio (Vienna).
- 1764. La Rencontre imprévue (Vienna).
- 1765. Il Parnasso confuso (Vienna); La Corona (Vienna); Telemacco, second version (Vienna).
- 1767. Alceste (Vienna).
- 1769. Paride ed Elena (Vienna); Le Feste d'Apollo (Parma); Bauci e Filemone (Parma); Aristeo (Parma).
- 1772. Iphigénie en Aulide (Paris), produced 1774.
- 1774. Orphée et Eurydice, French version (Paris).
- 1776. Alceste, second version (Paris).
- 1777. Armide (Paris).
- 1779. Iphigénie en Tauride (Paris); Echo et Narcisse (Paris).




FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN

Vio 1^{mo} 

Vio 2^{da} 

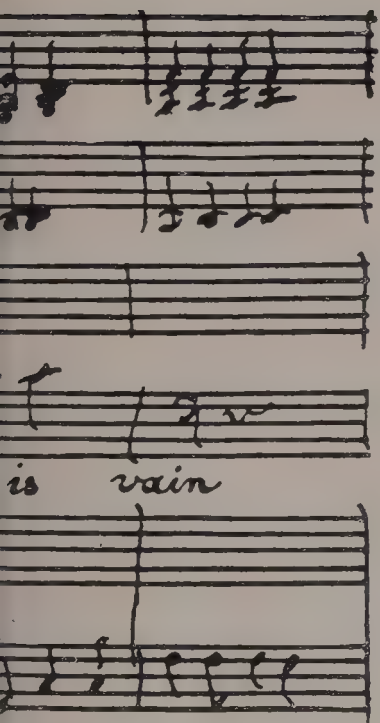
Viola 


Wexler; Tho

Vio 

Basso 

Facsimile from MS. of Haydn prese



(Song, composed in 1794.)

V.—HAYDN (1732-1809).

The story of Haydn's early life is the record of a triumph of determination and enthusiasm over opposing circumstances. It has been said of him that his childhood ended with his sixth year. Certain it is that almost from that time began a struggle with hard fortune; but an indomitable cheerfulness and devotion to his art carried Haydn safely through troubled waters and landed him securely in a tranquil—to his eager spirit almost too tranquil—harbor.

His father, who was a wheelwright, and a typical, hard-working, independent Austrian peasant, lived in the village of Rohrau, where, in the spring of 1732, Franz Joseph Haydn was born. The first six years of his life were very happy. His father was a man of considerable intelligence, and not without a certain musical aptitude. He had learnt to play the harp by ear, and was fond of singing to its accompaniment the old peasant "lieder" which had been handed down from father to son for generations. Gradually he noticed that his little Joseph was attracted by musical sounds; and when one day he came upon him sitting outside the schoolhouse window, gravely and absorbedly scraping two pieces of wood together in imitation of the schoolmaster who was playing the violin within, he made up his mind

that his son was to be a musician. In time he might even become a Choir Master, like his cousin Frankh at Hainburg! Frau Haydn had cherished the idea of his becoming a priest, and was at first bitterly opposed to her husband's plans, but her scruples were gradually overcome. The boy was delighted at the prospect before him; and the matter was decided by a visit from "cousin Frankh," who tested his voice and offered to take him with him to Hainburg and train him with his other choristers.

From Frankh the young Haydn received, as he afterwards wrote to a friend, "more blows than victuals," and he mentions how distressed he was "to find himself becoming a dirty little urchin" for want of his mother's care. But he had inherited from his parents a valuable stock of common-sense, which made a small philosopher of him; and his buoyancy of disposition, coupled with his fixed resolve to become the best singer in the choir, helped him to struggle on.

A ludicrous anecdote is told of his precocious determination. "There was to be a great Church Festival, including a procession through the streets, in which the choristers were, as a matter of course, to take part. But, the drummer falling ill, no one could be found to take his place, till Frankh called for Joseph Haydn, showed him how to make the stroke and left him to practice it alone. Joseph found a meal tub, stretched a cloth over the top, set it on a stool, and began to drum away with such vigor that the stool was soon overturned and himself covered with meal. But the stroke was learnt; and the spectators of the procession found their gravity unduly taxed by the sight of a little fellow of six

years old beating a big drum carried before him by a hunchback—as a bearer of ordinary stature would have raised the instrument far out of his reach!” The drum is still preserved in the choir of the church at Hainburg; but the story has an apocryphal flavor.

It was to the sweetness of his voice that Haydn owed his first advancement; for when he was eight years old his singing attracted the attention of Reutter, the Choir Master at the Church of St. Stephen in Vienna, who was recruiting for trebles. His offer to admit the boy into his choir obtained the ready consent of his parents, and Joseph went off hopefully to Vienna with his new master. The work there was very hard and the comfort not very great, but Haydn paid little heed to that. In his eyes his greatest hardship was that, though he had every opportunity for hearing music, and more than enough of vocal training, he could get from Reutter no instruction in composition; and his longing in that direction was fast becoming a passion. He covered with attempts at masses and anthems every piece of paper upon which he could lay his hands, but his timid endeavors to induce Reutter to look at them were only met with ridicule. He was not to be daunted, and a small gift of money from his father was laid out in the purchase of some text-books of musical composition. “The talent was in me,” he afterwards wrote, “and by dint of hard work I managed to get on.” For ten years this state of things continued; Haydn always persevering enthusiastically with his music, and deserting the games of his companions to gain a little time for himself.

When, shortly before his death, he was present at a Church Festival in Vienna, in the course of some kindly words of advice to the choristers, he said: "I was once a chorister. I was industrious when my companions were at play; I used to take my little clavier under my arm, and go off to practice undisturbed. When I sang a solo, the baker near St. Stephen's yonder always gave me a cake as a present. Be good and industrious, and serve God continually."

Unfortunately for Haydn, Reutter took a strong dislike to him, and lost no opportunity of showing it, the natural result of which was that the relations between the two became far from friendly. Haydn's independent spirit no doubt led him to adopt an attitude which, though commendable, was impolitic; and eventually, in 1749, after some boyish escapade of Haydn's, Reutter seized upon the pretext for discharging him.

He was now only in his eighteenth year, and found himself turned out into the streets of Vienna on a winter's night, with nothing to call his own except his beloved books. These, however, would not feed him, and he was at his wits' end. He would not go back to his parents; for, if he did, unless he were to become a mere burden upon them he must give up all idea of a musical career. Fortunately he found a friend in need, in the person of another poor musician; and with his help, and a share in his wretched garret, Haydn struggled through the winter somehow, gaining a slender pittance by playing the fiddle at balls and entertainments, and giving music lessons for miserable pay. At last he enlisted the sympathies of a good-natured tradesman of the

name of Buchholz, who lent him 150 florins; and with this sum, which seemed to him a fortune, Haydn made a start. This generosity was never forgotten. Haydn's will contained a bequest to Buchholz's granddaughter, together with an expression of grateful acknowledgment.

He was able to hire a room to himself—an attic, it is true, but in the same house where dwelt the Italian poet Metastasio. The latter became interested in the energetic young musician who lived over his head, and introduced him to Porpora, the most eminent master of harmony of his time, and from this day Haydn's fortunes began to mend. Porpora was a surly old fellow, and at first very little inclined to bestow any attention upon Haydn. Indeed, it was only when he found that the young enthusiast was ready to perform the most menial offices for the sake of an occasional crumb of instruction that he mitigated his savageness of demeanor. Eventually, to Haydn's delight, Porpora gave him a few regular lessons in composition, and found his pupil of an aptitude he had little expected.

Haydn was now in the way of obtaining more profitable introductions, and by the time he was five and twenty he was to be seen at some of the best houses in Vienna in the capacity of accompanist at the musical *soirées* which were then popular. For his services he received a small sum, and a meal at the servant's table. Music was at this time the fashionable craze at Vienna, and a private concert the form of entertainment most affected; but all this notwithstanding, the social position of the artist was that of an upper servant. However, at these houses Haydn made the acquaintance of

musicians—amongst others of Gluck, who had been attracted by his performances; and after a time he found that his position not only enabled him to obtain what seemed to him magnificent payment for his lessons, but also, and this was a matter nearer his heart, to induce publishers to accept his compositions. Slowly but surely his genius raised him above the level of his fellows, and influential people began to interest themselves in him; the happy result of all being that he attained what had seemed to him the summit of ambition, an appointment (in 1759) as Capellmeister, or Master of Music, in the establishment of a wealthy Bohemian noble, Count Morzin.

Connected with Haydn's early years in Vienna is the unhappy story of his first love. Its object was a beautiful girl, who was his pupil; but she, unfortunately for Haydn, did not in any way reciprocate his affection, and was bent upon a life in the cloister. She was the younger of two sisters; and her father, determined to secure this young genius as his son-in-law, spared no effort to induce Haydn to turn his attention to the scornful lady's elder sister. Wearied by their pertinacity, and reckless from the despair of disappointed love, Haydn in an evil moment consented to marry the elder girl, a decision of which he bitterly repented when it was too late. Her slight infatuation for him soon wore off, while he learnt only too soon to rue the hour when his pique had led him to take the fatal step. Her hard and shrewish nature was as ill-suited as was possible to mate with that of the gentle, sensitive musician; and it was no wonder that, after some years of domestic wretchedness

spent with this woman—with whom no sympathy was possible, and to whom, as he said, it was all the same whether he were an artist or a cobbler—Haydn should have been glad to make an arrangement which virtually amounted to a formal separation.

Shortly after Haydn's marriage, which took place in November, 1760, the Morzin household was broken up, but the Count found his protegee another post, that of Capellmeister to Prince Anton Esterhazy, the representative of one of the oldest and noblest Hungarian families. Prince Anton died almost a year after the appointment was made, and was succeeded by the Prince Nicolaus Esterhazy, whose lavish patronage of the arts has made his name famous.

Now began for Haydn that prolific period—more than thirty years—of restful and congenial happiness to which the musical world owes so much. Many of his best symphonies, several small operas, much church music and a mass of chamber music of every description, were the outcome of his activity during this time. Add to this his duties as sole controller of a large orchestra, manager of all the concerts and instructor of the vocalists, and we may well believe that Haydn's time never lay heavy on his hands; albeit the life at Eisenstadt and Esterhaz, his patron's two seats, was sometimes irksome to him from its very quiet. The Prince hated Vienna; and his visits thither, to which Haydn looked eagerly forward as an opportunity of meeting with kindred spirits, became more and more rare. Nevertheless, Haydn was very loyal to his patron, and stoutly refused more than one proposal that he should throw up his

post and accept lucrative concert engagements; for his compositions had come by this time to be widely known and admired. Amongst other allurements was the offer of an enterprising English *impresario* to engage him at any cost for a series of concerts in London; but Haydn remained firm, and whatever irksomeness he may have felt in his life of service to his patron vanished when he was asked to leave him. "My dearest wish," he wrote to a friend, "is to live and die with him."

The original form of agreement between Haydn and Prince Esterhazy gives us an idea of the position held in such a household by the "Capellmeister," at a time when the artist was the dependent of the great man, and, as often as not, on a social level very little higher than that of a lackey. "The said Joseph Haydn," runs one clause, "shall be considered and treated as a member of the household. Therefore his Serene Highness is graciously pleased to place confidence in his conducting himself as becomes an honorable official of a princely house." He is "to appear in the antechamber daily, and inquire whether his highness is pleased to order a performance of the orchestra." It is also enjoined upon him that he is "to abstain from undue familiarity, and from vulgarity in eating, drinking and conversation; not dispensing with the respect due to him, but acting uprightly and influencing his subordinates to preserve such harmony as is becoming in them, remembering how displeasing the consequences of any discord or dispute would be to his Serene Highness." In common with his orchestra, Haydn wore a prescribed dress; and it is specially noted in his

instructions that, when playing before company, all the performers are to appear "in white stockings, white linen, powdered, and either with a pigtail or a tie-wig." For his services Haydn received 400 florins (about £40) annually, and his board at the "officers' table." This salary was eventually almost doubled by the Prince's generosity.

Haydn was an ugly man, and of this he was fully conscious; at the same time he used to congratulate himself on the fact that it must have been for something of more value than mere good looks that he was so generally beloved. Children were always attracted by his gentle, happy nature; and their name for him—"Papa Haydn"—has passed into a household word. The secret of his charm lay in this simple cheerfulness and a certain Epicurean love of order which influenced his personality as well as his work. The character of his music is, in its geniality, the simplicity of its beauty, and its hopefulness, a reflection of his own. It is true that his lines fell in pleasant places, but Haydn would never under any circumstances have been a pessimist. Even in his sacred compositions, his cheerfulness is manifest. "God has given me a cheerful heart," he said, "so will He surely forgive me if I serve Him cheerfully." In his simple and sincere piety, he knelt every day while he was composing *The Creation*, and prayed to God to strengthen him for his work; and, as he said to a fellow musician, "at the thought of God his heart leapt for joy, and he could not help his music doing the same."

His works were now selling well, and his reputation had spread far beyond the narrow sphere to which his duties

were confined. His musical methods were much discussed; for while the beauty of his work was freely admitted, evidences of unusual power were recognized in its unconventionality. He was practically the creator of the symphony in the form afterwards perfected by Mozart and Beethoven: and both in the case of his symphonies and his chamber music it was hotly debated amongst musicians how far it was possible to recognize in their art the humorous element that is so characteristic in Haydn's writing. What his reputation was at this time we can gather from a Viennese journal of the year 1766, which, in the course of a notice of various prominent musicians, speaks of "Herr Joseph Haydn, our nation's favorite, whose geniality speaks through all his work. His music has beauty, style, purity, and a delicate and noble simplicity which commends it to every hearer. His cassations, quartettes and trios may be compared to a pure, clear stream of water, the surface now rippled by a gentle breeze from the south, anon breaking into agitated waves, but without ever leaving its proper channel and appointed course. His symphonies are full of force and sympathy, in his cantatas he shows himself at once captivating and caressing, and in his minuets he is delightful and full of humor. In short, Haydn is in music what Gellert is in poetry."

Till he was fifty-nine Haydn remained faithful to his post with the Prince at Eisenstadt, in Vienna, and at Esterhaz—the miniature Versailles built by the Prince on the banks of the Neusiedler See. It is in the extreme retirement of his life in which much of his life was spent, rather than in any

unusual rapidity of composition, that we find the explanation of the remarkable length of the list of Haydn's works. In the symphonic form alone he completed sixty-three works during this period. The extent of his industry will appear if we realize that he found time for original work without any neglect of his official duties, which by themselves were sufficiently arduous; comprising as they did the complete arrangement of the daily music, two operatic performances and two or three concerts weekly, besides *fêtes* given in honor of the distinguished visitors who were frequently entertained at Esterhaz. Unfortunately for Haydn—whose name was now familiar to the musical world of the capital, and who would very willingly have taken some share in its social pleasures—as the Prince grew older the chance of an occasional visit to Vienna grew smaller and smaller. He was loyal, however, to his generous patron, and refused several tempting offers. In 1790 the Prince died, and his successor, who had no taste for music, disbanded the famous orchestra.

Thus Haydn found himself free to listen to the proposals of an Englishman named Salomon, who after some difficulty induced him to come to an agreement respecting a series of concerts in London, at which Haydn should conduct works of his own, to be specially written for the occasion. Haydn's friends were very unwilling to let him go, but he was full of hope and courage; and in answer to the objection that he was too old, and knew nothing of the English language, he replied that though old, he was strong and well,—“and,”

he added with a smile, "my language is understood all over the world."

A notable and beautiful feature of his life at this period was the friendship which existed between him and the young Mozart. Never was there an attachment more sincere than this, rooted as it was on both sides in a single-minded appreciation of genius, and fostered by the sweetness of congenial intercourse. While Mozart's admiration for Haydn was a more than generous recognition of the benefit he derived from the elder musician's counsel and companionship, Haydn was the first to declare his confidence in Mozart's powers, and was the warmest in praise of this young genius at whom he might excusably have looked askance as at a possible rival. Nothing in his departure for England was so distressing to Haydn as the thought of separation from his friend, who said to him, with sad presentiment, "We shall see each other no more in this world!" and the entry in his diary a year afterwards—*Mozart died on Dec. 10th, 1791*,—is more pathetic in its brevity than pages of regret. We know how bitter was the sorrow that would not trust itself to words, for it is recorded that years afterwards Haydn said his only sadness at returning home sprang from the thought that there would be no Mozart to welcome him.

Haydn's two visits to London in the years 1791-92 and 1794-5 were happily marked by a succession of musical triumphs and a steadily increasing popularity. He was entertained by the most prominent men of the day, amongst whom, with surprise, he recognized in the great astronomer, Herschel, a former oboe-player in the Esterhaz orchestra.

The Prince of Wales honored him with much kindness, and a lavish hospitality met him on all sides. It was for his London concerts that Haydn wrote the twelve "Salomon" symphonies, the greatest of all his compositions; works which, with *The Creation*, have made his music familiar and dear to English amateurs.

The Creation, which was produced in 1799, achieved immediate success, but there can be little doubt that part, at least, of the *éclat* of its production was due as much to the composer's popularity as to exceptional excellence in the work. The oratorio, be it freely admitted, contains music of much beauty and sometimes of great power; and if there is something of sublimity lacking in its more formal parts, it contains passages which, in their orchestral treatment, may be regarded as the foundation of modern descriptive music.

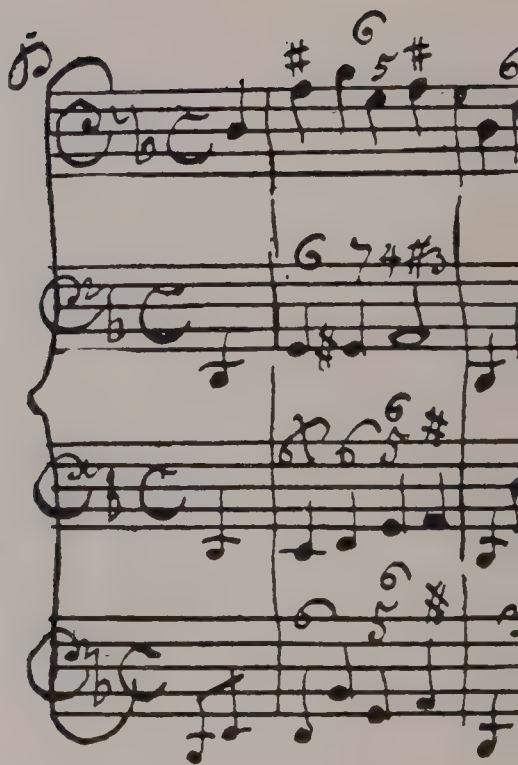
Haydn died on the last night of May, 1809. The peace and happiness of his later years was a fitting reward for his early struggles and subsequent loyalty; and it has been aptly written of him, that "Time was gentle with him, and Death was kind, for both waited upon his genius until all was won."

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF HAYDN'S WORKS.

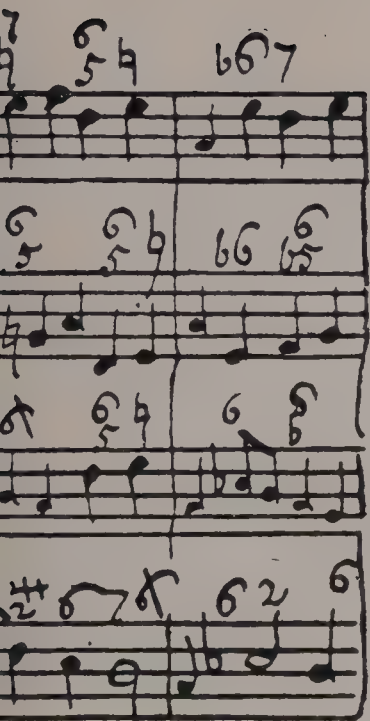
- 1755-1756. Minor Chamber music, including 18 quartettes.
1759. First Symphony.
- 1760-1766. Thirty Symphonies (including "Le Matin," "Le Midi," and "Le Soir," 1761); Te Deum, 1764; four Italian operettas; cantatas; concertos; chamber music.
- 1767-1770. Operettas; symphonies; chamber music.
- 1771-1780. Symphonies (including the "Farewell," 1772; "Maria Theresa," 1773; "The Schoolmaster," 1774; "La Chasse," 1780); Stabat Mater, 1771; "Il Ritorno di Tobia" (oratorio), 1775; various operas and operettas.
- 1781-1790. Chamber music; operas; symphonies (including "L'Ours" and "La Reine," 1786; the "Oxford," 1788; the Toy Symphony); "Last Words, 1785.
1791. "The Surprise" symphony; chamber music.
1794. "The Clock" and "Military" symphonies.
1799. The Creation.
1800. The Seasons.
- 1802-1803. Scotch, Welsh and Irish songs harmonized.



WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART.



Facsimile from MS. of Mozart pre



(Add. MSS. 14396.)

VI.—MOZART (1756-1791).

The extraordinary precocity of Mozart's genius has passed into a commonplace of biographers; but there is nothing, even among the anecdotes told of his early feats, that impresses this so vividly upon the mind as does the sight of the little MS. music book preserved in the Mozart Museum at Salzburg. Its first few pages are filled with minuets and trios by various composers. At the end of one of these Mozart's father has written: "The preceding minuets were learnt by my little Wolfgang in his fourth year," and further on, "This minuet and trio Wolfgang learned in half an hour, on the day before his fifth birthday;" while a few pages later we come to a short piece of music complete and workmanlike in form, against which is written: "By Wolfgang Mozart, 11th May, 1762," *i.e.*, when he was just six years old.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART—as he preferred to style himself, though he bore in addition the names of Johann, Crysostomus and Theophilus—was born on Jan. 27th, 1756, at Salzburg. His father, a musician of considerable repute in his day held for a time the post of Master of Court Music, but eventually resigned this in order more completely to devote himself to his family, and especially to the training of the young Wolfgang. In the case of the latter one hardly

knows whether to be more astonished at the rapidity with which his musical sense developed, or at the ease with which he overcame every difficulty connected with the art. Before he was four years old he used to try and imitate upon the harpsichord everything he heard his sister play; and, when his father began to teach him some minuets, he found to his surprise that half an hour's instruction was all the little prodigy needed for each. Before he was six he composed music—sonatas and a concerto—for the harpsichord, and in his seventh year one or two small sonatas of his were published. He seems scarcely to have needed any teaching in the use of the violin, but to have been able to play it by a kind of intuition. It was as though a knowledge of music had come to him, as the enthusiastic Italians afterwards declared his operas must have come “from the stars, ready-made.” Like most musicians, he had as a boy a taste for mathematics.

We have it on the authority of an intimate friend of the elder Mozart, that the ordinary games of children had but little attraction for Wolfgang, unless accompanied by music. “If his playthings were to be moved from one room to another, the one who went empty handed must sing or play a march on the violin all the time.” Though very happy in these early years, he often appeared, as his father afterwards wrote to him, rather earnest than childlike, at any rate when music was toward. When he sat at the harpsichord or was otherwise busied with music, no one ventured to jest with him. Indeed some concern was felt for his health, so serious and thoughtful did he sometimes appear beyond his years.

Many and astonishing are the stories told of the wonders performed by this baby *virtuoso*, all serving to emphasize a precocity which becomes the more remarkable when we remember how amply Mozart's later years fulfilled the promise of the first, instead of adding another to the many instances of a brilliant youth followed by a relapse into mediocrity.

But, with all this, Mozart was no hotbed plant. Though, when it was a question of his beloved music, he could be so serious, he was a thoroughly boyish boy, with a nature bright and lovable. He was blessed with a keen sense of fun, as appears throughout his letters, and a happy contentment which rendered him very attractive; while nothing in his character, all his life long, is more delightful than his unaffected simplicity and his modesty.

When the boy was six years old, his father, full of wonder and gratitude for his son's gifts, determined to take him to Vienna, where music was in high favor with the Court. He used to relate how at one point in the journey, when a Custom House examination of the luggage promised a tedious delay, the little Wolfgang at once made up to the Customs officer and began to play to him on his violin, thereby so charming the official heart that the examination was but slightly insisted on. In Vienna the Emperor and Empress, both accomplished musicians, received the Mozarts very kindly, and could not do too much to show their admiration for the wonderful boy. With such patronage as this, he was naturally fêted everywhere. He was allowed to join the young princesses in their games, and soon became quite at home with them. Mary Antoinette, the ill-fated future

Queen of France, was his special favorite. She had, in the first days of their acquaintance, helped him up from a fall on the polished floors; whereupon he had gravely said to her: "You are good; some day I will marry you."

The following year (1763) the Mozarts went to Paris. At a concert they gave on the way, at Frankfurt, Goethe was among the audience that listened to Wolfgang's playing. As the poet afterwards told a friend, he was about fourteen years old himself at the time, and "could still distinctly remember the little man with his wig and sword."

At the Court of Versailles another kind reception awaited the Mozarts, and the Royal favor was of no small service in directing public attention to their concerts. Evidence to the impression produced by the boy's playing is borne by the following extract from a notice of one of his concerts, printed in the "*Avantcoureur*," a leading Paris newspaper, of March 5th, 1764. "This boy, who is only seven this month, is a true prodigy. He has all the talent and science of a mature musician. Not only does he give surprising performances of the works of the most celebrated masters in Europe, but he is also a composer. Guided by the inspiration of his genius he will improvise, for hours together, music which combines the most exquisite ideas with an exhaustive knowledge of harmony. Every musical *connoisseur* is lost in amazement at the child, who performs feats such as would do credit to an artist possessed of the experience of a long career." It was while Mozart was in Paris that his first compositions—four sonatas for the harpsichord—were published.

Warm as had been Mozart's welcome to the French capital, it was surpassed by the enthusiasm of which he was the object a month or two later in London. Four days after his arrival in England he was invited with his father to Buckingham Palace, and had the honor of playing for three hours to the King and Queen. "We could not have supposed," wrote the father in naive fashion, "from their friendly manner that they were the King and Queen of England. We have met with extraordinary kindness at every Court, but what we have experienced here surpasses all the rest." Brilliant success attended the first London concert, and the boy's performances aroused an altogether unusual amount of interest. It was at this time that he made his first essay in the composition of symphonies for the orchestra—and this before he was nine years old! These symphonies, though naturally immature in style, give evidence of a remarkable sense of musical form and discrimination in the use of the various instruments.

A tour through Holland, France and Switzerland brought the Mozarts home again to Salzburg. In spite of all his triumphs, Wolfgang happily had lost none of his naturalness of disposition. His delight at getting home was unbounded; and when he was not occupied with his music our little genius would romp with his sister and tease the family cat in an eminently healthy manner.

He had still to win his spurs in Italy, the *cachet* of Italian approval being at that time almost indispensable to a musician. Accordingly, in the winter of 1769, father and son set off once more on their travels, bound this time for the south.

Through the good offices of some admiring patrons, Mozart's reputation had preceded him, and concerts given at Milan, Verona, and Florence more than confirmed it. In Milan, especially, his performances created unwonted excitement, and at the age of fourteen he received a commission to write an opera to be produced in that city. In Rome, Naples—in short, wherever he went—he was received with the same enthusiasm.

One of his first visits in Rome was to the Sistine Chapel, in Passion Week, to hear the famous "Miserere" of Allegri, the music of which was so jealously guarded that the members of the choir were threatened with excommunication should they dare to copy or convey out of the Chapel any portion of it. After a first hearing of the "Miserere" Mozart went home and wrote down the whole from memory, and after being present at a repetition of it on Good Friday was able to correct the few mistakes he had made. This marvellous *tour de force* attracted much attention, and luckily inspired more admiration than resentment at the Vatican. A month or two later he was granted an audience by the Pope, who decorated him with the Cross of an Order to which the composer Gluck had a short time before been admitted. "He has a splendid golden cross to wear," wrote his proud father, "and you can imagine how amused I am every time I hear him called 'Signor Cavaliere'!" For a while his new dignity tickled Wolfgang's fancy, and on the title-pages of his compositions he would write, half in fun, "Del Sign. Cavaliere W. A. Mozart"; but after a year we hear no more of it.

The following characteristic letter written from Rome by the "Sign. Cavaliere" to his sister, shows that success and honor had not changed him :

"I am well, thank Heaven, and fortunate in everything except this wretched pen, and send a thousand kisses to you and to our mother. I wish you were in Rome; you would like it. Papa says I am ridiculous, but that is nothing new! Here we have but one bed, and you can understand that when Papa is in it there is not much room left for me. I shall be glad when we get into new quarters. I have just finished drawing St. Peter with his keys and St. Paul with his sword. I have had the honor of kissing St. Peter's toe, but because I am too small to reach it, they had to lift me up.

Your same old

WOLFGANG."

At the end of the year the travelers returned to Milan, and Mozart set to work upon an opera, *Mitridate*. In a letter to his mother he writes: "I cannot work for long at a time, for my fingers ache with writing so much recitative. I beg mamma to pray for me that it may go well with the opera." The work was finished in two months, and on its completion Leopold Mozart wrote to his wife: "As far as I can sav without a father's partiality, it seems to me that Wolfgang has written the opera well, and with much spirit. The singers are good. It is now only a question of the orchestra, and, finally, of the caprice of the audience. Consequently, much depends on good luck, as in a lotterv." The result was a striking success. At the first representation, which

Mozart conducted, the audience were excited to great enthusiasm, which they expressed in shouts of "Èvviva il Maestro! Èvviva il Maestrino!" One of the arias was encoored, a great and unusual compliment in those days.

The Italian tour was followed, after an interval of four years, by a third visit to Paris, on which occasion Leopold Mozart remained at Salzburg while Wolfgang was accompanied by his mother. During the intervening years he had worked hard; the result being the composition of several symphonies, concertos, and masses, together with a variety of chamber music. His arrival in Paris was deferred by several circumstances. In the first place there were his successes *en route* at Munich and Mannheim, which he represented to his father as ostensible reasons for the delay; but there was a still more powerful agent at work, in the shape of an ill-advised attachment which he had formed for the beautiful daughter of one of his father's penniless friends in the latter city. Leopold Mozart's letters to his son, when he realized the true state of affairs, were full of the greatest kindness as well as the soundest common sense; and it was not in vain that he pointed out to Wolfgang that to allow himself to be drawn away from his Parisian project would be seriously to endanger his chances of a brilliant public career. "Off with you to Paris," he writes, "and that soon; get the great folks on your side. 'Aut Cæsar aut nihil.' The mere thought of Paris should have preserved you from all fleeting fancies. From Paris the name and fame of a man of great talent goes through the whole world."

Mozart's reception in the French capital was at first a disappointment to him; but the altered attitude of the impressionable Parisians is easily explained if we reflect that, whereas on his previous visits it was as a charming boy and a marvelous prodigy that he came, he was now a young man of two-and-twenty, practically unknown to Paris except by foreign reputation. All Paris was, moreover, at this time absorbed in the artistic duel in which the rival musicians, Gluck and Piccini, were engaged. Mozart's genius, however, soon found its level. After feeling his way with some lighter compositions, he induced Legros, the director of the best concerts in Paris, to produce his new symphony, that in D major. So unsatisfactory was the performance of it at rehearsal that Mozart had not the courage to appear among the audience on the night of the first public performance, but crept into the orchestra to be ready, if necessary, to take the instrument out of the hands of the first violin and lead the work himself. Happily all went well, and the symphony was much applauded. "I went in my joy at once to the Palais Royal, eat an excellent ice, said my rosary—which I had promised to do—and went home," he wrote to his father. This symphony was shortly afterwards followed by another, with equally gratifying results. His happiness in Paris was brought to a mournful end by the death of his mother; and very soon afterwards, when he was on his way back to Salzburg, he was confronted by another sorrow, this time that of bitter disappointment. At Mannheim he found his first love, from whom his heart had never wavered, entirely changed, and now as cold to him as she had been ardent before. She

was at the height of a brilliant career as a singer, and success had spoilt her.

It was a sad home-coming, but Mozart had always his art to comfort him; and after a year of quiet work at Salzburg he received, to his great delight, a commission to write an opera for production at Munich. The opera in question, *Idomeneo*, was the starting point of his career as a great German master; for, having come under the influence of Gluck's music, he here laid the foundation of an operatic school destined to play an important part in the revolutionizing of the lyric stage. During the time he lived in Munich, finishing *Idomeneo* and superintending its rehearsals he had some hard struggles with poverty. Like most artists, he possessed a strange inability to keep his money when he had made it, though—again like many artists, to their credit be it said—it was through his reckless generosity that he so constantly found himself straitened. Still he was not depressed. "I have only one small room," he wrote from Munich, "and when my piano, table, bed and chest of drawers have been squeezed in, there is very little space left for me!"

The success of *Idomeneo* in 1781 was followed, a year later, by the production at Vienna of an opera, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, which has not received the attention it deserves, considering that high authorities—including Gluck and Weber—have considered it to contain much of Mozart's best and most characteristic work. At its first representation, in spite of the fact that its methods indicated a distinct departure from the familiar Italian models, it made a great

impression, and several numbers were encored. On the Emperor's saying to Mozart on the following day, half in jest: "Too fine for our ears, my dear Mozart, and a great deal too many notes," the composer replied: "Exactly as many notes as are necessary, your Majesty."

The same year was marked by Mozart's marriage. By a curious freak of fortune he married the sister of the disdainful beauty who had inspired his first passion. Her homelier attraction had at first stood no chance beside the brilliant charms of her elder sister, but eventually her sweetness of character won its way into Mozart's heart. Their short married life was very happy, in spite of the shifts to which the composer's chronic impecuniosity frequently reduced them. His concerts were too often artistic instead of financial successes, and then the shoe pinched. It was under the strain of anxieties of this description, mainly felt on his wife's behalf, and from the ceaseless energy of mind which seemed to be wearing out his body, that his health began to give way. The amount of work he crowded into the last eight years of his life would make it seem as though he had a presentiment that his time was to be short.

It was in Vienna, shortly after his marriage, that he first met Haydn, and entered upon that brief but devoted friendship which was to Haydn one of his chief pleasures. After looking through several of Mozart's compositions, Haydn took the composer's father apart, and said to him: "I tell you, on the word of an honest man, that I consider your son to be the greatest composer I have ever known. He has rare taste, and a most thorough knowledge of composition."

Le Nozze di Figaro, the greatest "musical comedy" ever written—a true "dramma giocoso," as Rossini called it—was produced at Vienna on May 1st, 1786. Its reception is described in the "Reminiscences" of Kelly, the singer, who performed in it. "Never was anything more complete," he says, "than the triumph of Mozart and his *Nozze di Figaro*. . . . Even at the final rehearsal, all present were roused to enthusiasm; and when Benucci came to the fine passage, 'Cherubino, alla vittoria, alla gloria militar!' which he gave with stentorian lungs, the effect was electric. The whole of the performers on the stage, and those in the orchestra, vociferated, "Bravo! Bravo Maestro! Viva, Viva! Grande Mozart!" And Mozart? I shall never forget his little countenance when lighted up with the glowing rays of genius; it is impossible to describe it, as it would be to paint sunbeams." Encores became so frequent that the Emperor had to forbid them; and on his saying that he believed that in this he had done the singers a service, Mozart replied, to the Emperor's amusement: "Do not believe it, your Majesty; they all like to have an encore. I, at least, can certainly say so for my part."

Don Giovanni followed, in October, 1787; and *Die Zauberflöte* four years afterwards, only six months before Mozart's death. His health was rapidly giving way—the result of combined anxiety and overwork—and, though he would never admit that he was ill, he became a prey to fits of the deepest melancholy. It was during this period of distress that he composed his two greatest symphonies—those in G minor and C major—of which Richard Wagner after-

wards wrote that in them "he seemed to breathe into his instruments the passionate tones of the human voice . . . and thus raised the capacity of orchestral music for expressing the emotions to a height where it could represent the whole unsatisfied yearning of the heart."

In the summer of 1791 Mozart received a mysterious commission to compose a "Requiem," on condition that he made no attempt to discover for whom it was intended. He accepted the task, but with an unconquerable presentiment that the "Requiem" would also be his own. The foreboding was only too true. He never lived to finish it; indeed, he was actually at work on it when he was seized by the final attack of the illness which proved fatal to him. At one o'clock on the morning of December 5th, 1791, he died.

Infinitely sad is the epilogue to his life. So poor was he at the last that his wife could not afford even the humblest ceremony of funeral; and though there were more than enough who, after his death, lamented the loss of so great a genius, none was found to provide him with the scant honor of a decent burial. So died Mozart; not the greatest—for Beethoven was greater—but the most brilliant musician the world has seen; and this man, who had been the friend of Emperors and Princes, and a Prince himself in the realm of his art, was allowed to find his last resting-place in a pauper's grave.

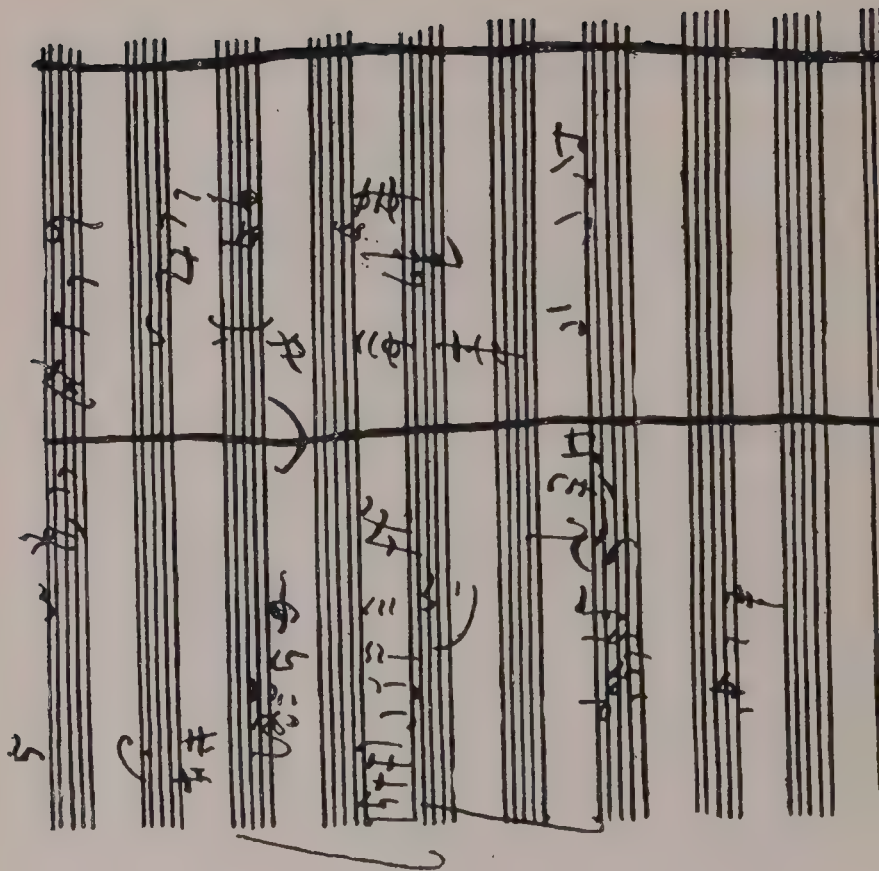
His widow, when she had recovered from the first shock of grief, went to visit the cemetery; but the grave-digger was unable to point out to her under which of the nameless mounds lay all that was mortal of the great Mozart.

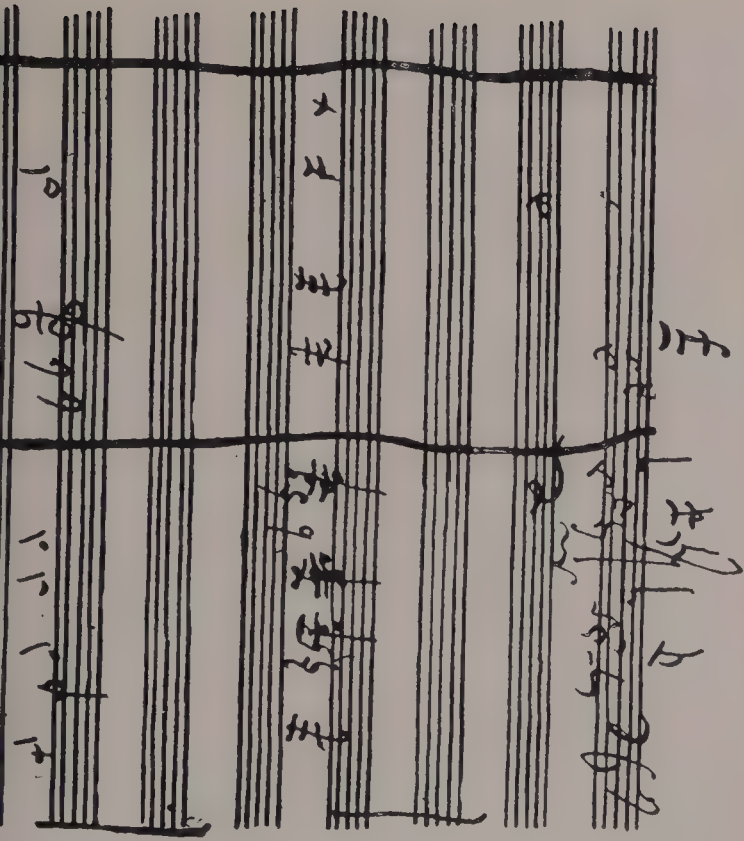
CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF
MOZART'S WORKS.

1761. Minuet and Trio for Pianoforte.
- 1762-1765. Works for Pianoforte and Violin; Five Symphonies.
- 1766-1770. Pianoforte Concertos; Masses and Church Music; Works for Pianoforte and Violin; Fourteen Symphonies; Bastien et Bastienne, 1768; Mitridate, 1770.
- 1771-1775. Twenty Symphonies; Pianoforte Concertos; Masses; Minor Operas; Songs; Sonatas; Chamber Music.
- 1776-1787. Pianoforte Concertos; Chamber Music; Sonatas; Four Symphonies.
- 1781-1785. Idomeneo, 1781; Entführung aus dem Serail, 1782; Three Symphonies; Concertos; Sonatas; Chamber Music.
- 1786-1791. Four Symphonies; Nozze di Figaro, 1786; Don Giovanni, 1787; Così fan Tutti, 1790; Die Zauberflöte, La Clemenza di Tito, Requiem, 1791.



LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.





Facsimile from MS. of Beethoven preserved in British Museum. (First sketch of part of a Symphony.)

VII.—BEETHOVEN (1770-1827).

“Until a Raphael be struck with blindness in the full freshness of his powers, Beethoven is without a compeer in the history of all ages, either in misery or in bliss.” So was it written by one of Beethoven’s friends; and it is surely true. There can hardly be imagined a loftier pleasure than the musician’s in crystallizing for the joy of others the phantasies presented to him by his genius; nor can there be conceived any more terrible working of the irony of fate than that the greatest of all musicians should be, for the best years of his life, doomed to a lot of total deafness. For one who created music so noble that the world counts it among the most precious of its possessions to be alone denied the joy of hearing its realization—no tragedy was ever more complete than this. The terrible destiny was nobly faced. Filled with an absorbing conviction of the service he was to render to his art, Beethoven was content to live alone with her, and in her sweet company found at least some consolation. Though in his affliction he wrote: “I will as far as possible defy my fate, though there must be moments when I shall be the most miserable of God’s creatures; I will grapple with it, it shall never drag me down,”—he could

also write: "I cannot make friends, and I must live alone; but I know that in my art God is nearer to me than to others."

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN was born at Bonn, late in the year 1770. His early days were anything but happy. His father, a man of violent temper aggravated by heavy drinking, did little to alleviate the poverty to which his neglect had brought his family; and his one thought, as soon as he perceived that the young Ludwig possessed a disposition for music, was how he could best exploit the boy's gift as a means of making money. In consequence, before the child was six years old we find him compelled to undergo long and weary hours of musical instruction. These lessons were harshly insisted upon, while all else in the way of education was neglected, and he was robbed even of the hours of play necessary to every healthy child. It is not surprising that for a time he came almost to hate the sound of music, associating it as he did with irksome confinement and the still more distasteful teaching of his father. He afterwards spoke in a pathetic way of the neglect from which he had suffered in his boyhood, for to it was attributable much of the uncouthness of manner which so often went against him in his intercourse with others. His mother was the one bright spot in the home. She, poor woman, did all she could to make him happier, and his tender gratitude to her memory showed how her goodness was appreciated.

At last his father seems to have realized that his son's powers were not to be forced, but must be allowed to develop in their own time. He sent him to school, where the

young Ludwig, with his reserved and sensitive nature and almost untaught mind, was not very happy; but he had also the wisdom to procure for him lessons in music at the hands of competent teachers. Once more able to look upon music as a delight, and not a drudgery, Beethoven made rapid progress, and when only fifteen had the good luck to be appointed assistant to the Organist of the Court Chapel.

Two years previously he had made his first public appearance as a pianist, winning golden opinions from the critics. The Elector of Cologne, an enthusiastic lover of music who maintained one of the finest orchestras of his time, recognized his ability; and, not long after giving him the appointment to his Chapel, sent him to Vienna to receive some lessons from Mozart, who was then at the zenith of his career. At their first meeting Beethoven's scholarly improvisation upon a theme given him by Mozart made marked impression upon the latter, who, turning to some friends who were in the room, said with great warmth: "You must keep your eyes upon him; some day he will make a noise in the world." Beethoven only received a few lessons from Mozart, for he was suddenly summoned home when he had been but six weeks in Vienna; and when, six years later, he returned to that city, Mozart died.

The reason of this sudden recall was the fatal illness of his mother, whose death dealt a heavy blow to his happiness. He felt bitterly the void that was made in his life now that the only being he had loved, or that had loved him, was gone; and with this came the grim fact that he must now take upon himself the burden, and be mother and father both

to his two young brothers—for his father's intemperance had reached such a pitch that he had been deprived of his position in the Elector's service. Beethoven confronted the ordeal manfully. Although his hatred of the task of teaching increased as he became more conscious of the growth of his powers, he put all his inclinations away and resolutely set to work to procure pupils. So thoroughly did he devote himself to his distasteful duty, that soon this boy of seventeen was able to support his drunken father and his two brothers, and not long afterwards managed to start the latter in the world by procuring for them the Elector's favor and positions in connection with his household.

In 1789 his father's death left Beethoven free, and the next two years he always counted as the happiest of his life. His circumstances improved, he was able to make a real advance in his art, and was fortunate in gaining a circle of good friends who were willing to overlook his eccentricities of manner for the sake of his genius and the nobility of his character. Among these the most valued were the Elector, and Count Waldstein—to whom, thirteen years afterwards, was dedicated the famous Sonata in C (Op. 53).

The course of Beethoven's life was changed by the visit to Bonn, in 1792, of Haydn, then more than sixty years of age. At the Elector's Court he heard Beethoven play, and was so much impressed by his powers that he proposed to take him with him to Vienna, give him lessons, and send him back to Bonn fully equipped for the position of Capellmeister to the Elector. Accordingly, in the autumn of the same year, Beethoven with his venerable master set out for

Vienna, where he remained almost uninterruptedly until his death. The original plan of his return to the Elector was never realized, for in the panic that seized the Rhenish towns at the time of the French Revolution the Elector prudently withdrew his Court to a discreet distance from Cologne.

In Vienna Beethoven's way was smoothed by the introductions he brought from his good friend Count Waldstein, and it was not long before he had the entrée to all the best houses. He might have had his fill of entertainment had he been inclined for the distractions of society, but he devoted himself entirely and enthusiastically to his studies with Haydn. After a little, however, the intimacy between master and pupil, which at first had been very close, became less and less so, until a final disagreement brought it to an abrupt end. The cause is not difficult to understand. Haydn's courtly, quiet, almost too deferential nature found little sympathy in the vigorous and self-reliant spirit of the younger, and greater, mind. Above all, Beethoven was no doubt far from easy to deal with. It was from no youthful conceit, but from a frank conviction of the quality of his own powers and of the necessity, for their sake, of preserving his individuality, that he was impatient of the academic teaching offered him by Haydn. Besides this, he was too critical a scholar to be a good pupil. In reality he was in those early days as far before Haydn in originality of genius as he was behind him in the knowledge of the technicalities of composition. At any rate the two could not work together; and fortunately Beethoven found another instructor, in the person of the composer Schenck, who was more successful in

gaining his confidence. By his aid he became thoroughly acquainted with the groundwork of his art, and acquired that certainty of knowledge which alone could enable him to make full use of his wealth of inspiration. It must not be forgotten that though Beethoven, in a moment of pique, asserted that "from Haydn he had never learnt anything," he soon lost all bitterness towards his old master, and fully acknowledged the beauty and value of his work.

The attention of Viennese musicians was soon attracted by Beethoven's exceptional powers of improvisation, and it was not long before he found himself famous. The short, strongly knit frame, the massively cut face, with its determined mouth and deep-set eyes gleaming from beneath a noble forehead crowned with masses of black hair, were soon familiar to every music lover—and of the latter there was no lack in Vienna at a time when musical refinement was, among the aristocracy, carried to the highest pitch. He was extremely tenacious of his rights as an artist, and of his position as the first *virtuoso* of his day; indeed his imperiousness in asserting these more than once led him into unpleasant scenes. But by degrees he came to be understood. His awkwardness and his crotchets were allowed to pass unnoticed, and soon no one could do too much to honor and propitiate this prince of musicians. He used at times to laugh in his sleeve at the adulation of which he was made the object, and remarked that he wondered some of the noble ladies did not get a glass case to put him under.

So far, however, it was mainly as a pianist that he was known. His great period of composition was yet to begin.

He was twenty-five before he published the work (three trios) which he styled Op. 1. There can be no doubt that he had composed much of a tentative kind before this, but it was characteristic of him that he would not publish till he felt his style sufficiently mature to produce work that satisfied him.

Comparisons—as purposeless as such comparisons usually are—have been drawn between this fact and that of the precocious productiveness of a Mozart or a Haydn. Beethoven's genius was entirely dissimilar to theirs. His music was so much the outcome of experience on its romantic side, and on its technical side so much the result of a brilliant originality, that it was inevitable that his best work should be that of his riper years. In the technique of composition he had to break free from the shackles of tradition, opening up the path to which Mozart had found the entrance; and with the romanticism of his music he had to confront a rigid classicism which felt uneasily that its day was waning. To do this, and to succeed, required a giant among his fellows. Surely we need not wonder, or even wish to excuse it, if we find that one who was fitted for the task, one whose whole being was for ever possessed by music which was almost to change the character of his art, appeared oblivious of all the world beside, and heedless of its smaller conventionalities..

With the exception of a concert tour through Northern Germany in 1795, and of his annual visits to the neighboring country, Beethoven scarcely left Vienna until his death. An invitation from the London Philharmonic Society he was obliged to refuse through ill health. He was untiring at the

task of composition. In the five years succeeding his first publication he produced, amongst other works, his First Symphony, the famous Septett, two pianoforte concertos, several trios and quartettes, and a number of his matchless pianoforte sonatas—including the noble “Sonate Pathétique,” dedicated to his friend Prince Carl von Lichnowsky, in whose house the composer lived for a long time in the closest friendship.

With the approach of his thirtieth year came the shadow which darkened his life—his terrible affliction of deafness. At first he put resolutely away from him the thought that he must sooner or later lose his hearing; for a long time he would not admit to others the existence of his infirmity. But at last, when one doctor after another failed to relieve him, he was forced to realize the truth. The torture of despair seized him at the thought of his music, at the knowledge that all the joy of sound was slipping from his grasp, the dread that he might die before completing his task. To one of his friends he wrote at this time that it made him feel at war with all the world to know that a man should be so entirely the victim of accident as thus to lose what was best and most beautiful in life. “You must know,” he says, “that what was most precious to me, my hearing, I have in great part lost. My life is sad. All that I have loved and that was dear to me is gone. How happy could I be now, if only I could hear as I used! . . . My best years will fly, and I shall not have fulfilled the promise of my youth, or accomplished in my art what I fondly hoped I would. And I am expected to take refuge in the sadness of resignation!”

It was during these years of gloom that he wrote that unspeakably sad letter, generally known as his "Will," which he left among his papers to be delivered to his brothers at his death. It is his "Apologia"; the bitter cry of a loving, sensitive soul forced into solitude. "You who think or say," the letter runs, "that I am rancorous, obstinate or misanthropical, what an injustice you do me! Little do you know the cause of my appearing so. . . . Remember only that I am the victim of a terrible calamity, led on from year to year by hopes of cure, but now forced to face the prospect of a lingering malady the cure of which is impossible. Born with an ardent, lively temperament, fond of social pleasures, I was all too soon compelled to withdraw from the company of others and live a life of isolation. At times I made an effort to overcome the difficulty, but oh! how cruelly I was frustrated by my infirmity. I could not bring myself to be always saying to people: 'Speak louder, shout, I am deaf.' How could I acknowledge weakness in the very sense which in my case should be more acute than in that of others!—a sense which at one time I possessed in a perfection granted to few musicians. Forgive me, then, if you see me turn away, when I would gladly mix with you. Doubly hard is my trial, since it is the cause of my being misunderstood. For me there can be no recreation in human intercourse, no conversation, no exchange of thought with my fellow-men. I am compelled to live in solitary exile. . . . My art alone has restrained me from putting an end to my life. I must now choose her for my guide. . . . To have to turn philosopher before I am thirty!—it is no easy task, harder

for the artist than for any one else. . . . My God! Thou seest the recesses of my soul; Thou knowest my love for my fellows, and the kindness my heart longs to show them; let those that one day read this realize that they have done me an injustice!"

Not for long, however, did he allow himself to be crushed by his misfortune. Though perpetually harassed in his relations with other men, when he was alone with his art he was not unhappy. He was more and more possessed by his music; all else went for nothing; and, as he felt his powers bearing him upwards towards the realization of his ideals, the excitement of his work prevented him from sinking into the depths of despondency. During the next fifteen years his finest compositions were given to the world. First of all, his magnificent symphonies—with the exception of the Ninth, which was composed later; his opera *Fidelio*; the most perfect of his pianoforte sonatas, including the "Waldstein," and those to which subsequent fancy has given the titles of "Moonlight," "Pastoral," and "Appassionata"; the "Kreutzer" sonata for violin and piano; the *Egmont* music; the song "Adelaide"; and a variety of matchless chamber-music.

If any proof were wanted of the completeness with which Beethoven was able to withdraw from the cares of the world into the empyrean heights of his own kingdom, it is to be found in the fact that he could compose the D major Symphony, the most cheerful and genial of all, during the same year in which he wrote the pathetic "Will" letter. "I live only in my music," were his words to a friend at this time,

"no sooner is one thing done than the next is begun. . . . Every day I come nearer to the object which I can feel, though I cannot describe, for which alone your Beethoven can live. No more rest for him!"

The majestic "Eroica" Symphony, which was completed in 1804, originally bore the title "*Sinfonia Grande Napoleon Bonaparte*." Beethoven's admiration for Napoleon, while the latter was still First Consul, and his confidence in the blessings that his successes would confer on his fellow-countrymen, led to this dedication of the Symphony. When, however, the composer heard that Napoleon had accepted the Imperial Crown, he seized the music and, tearing off the title page, trampled it under foot with the words: "After all, then, he is like other men and will be a tyrant!"—and the symphony was published with no dedication and with the simple title "*Sinfonia Eroica*." Only once again was Beethoven heard to mention his former idol. When he heard of Napoleon's death at St. Helena, he remarked: "I have already composed music for this event," referring to the Funeral March in the "Eroica."

A life pension fixed upon him by the Archduke Rudolph relieved him from immediate anxiety with regard to money; indeed some such provision was necessary, for in financial matters he was as helpless as a child. His servants and relations had him completely at their mercy, and did not scruple to avail themselves of the advantage. It was owing to this, aided by his want of suspicion and his reckless generosity, that during the last years of his life he was perpetually in a condition very little removed from poverty. Of

this he recked little. Means, comfort, health itself, were immaterial compared with his music. Unhappily the strain of work and worry, combined with the lack of proper care, was rapidly breaking down his constitution. For the last fourteen years of his life his health went from bad to worse. He was now almost completely deaf, all communication with others being carried on in writing. At the performance of one of his latest works he stood in the orchestra behind the conductor with bowed head and arms folded, and at its close had no knowledge of the tumultuous applause of which he was the object till the conductor gently turned him so that he could see the enthusiastic gestures of the audience.

Many staunch friends did what they could to lighten the burden of his enforced isolation, and as his trials grew heavier his genius seemed only to grow the greater. The masterly series of string quartettes which was published after his death, the great "Missa Solennis," and the "Choral" Symphony, the climax of his orchestral writing, were composed during these years of silence.

The many stories, ludicrous and pathetic, told of Beethoven's relations with the world—of his abrupt treatment of high personages, his indifference to the ordinary courtesies of society, his miserable household troubles, his *gaucheries* and his absent-mindedness—have been purposely omitted here. We may well afford to pass them over, having his justification in his own pathetic words, and knowing, as we do, that if he appeared boorish, it was the result of sensitiveness; if childish, of a child's ignorance of the world; if

moody and abstracted, of his communing with the spirits that filled his own world of music.

The end of his life, already painful from ill health, was rendered doubly unhappy by the conduct of a nephew to whom he had been appointed guardian, and on whom he had lavished all the wealth of his affection. Mental trouble accelerated the course of the fatal disease that had fastened upon him, and it became evident that he had not long to live. It is to the honor of the London Philharmonic Society that it was privileged to assist the great composer at a time when he sorely needed help, chiefly owing to the extravagance and dishonesty of his nephew. The proceeds of his latest works Beethoven had set aside as an investment for this worthless boy, and now scrupulously refused to touch the money. In his strait his thoughts turned to his friends in London, and he wrote to Moscheles (then an influential member of the Philharmonic Society) urging him to hasten the performance of a concert which that society had promised in his benefit. By return post he received a letter from Moscheles, enclosing £100 on account of the proceeds of the forthcoming concert; and his joyful emotion on its receipt, and still more at the delicate kindness of the accompanying letter, was described by one of his friends as "heartbreaking."

But he was sinking fast, and the skill of physicians was of no avail. On the afternoon of March 26, 1827, while a terrific thunderstorm was raging, Beethoven lay dying in Vienna. He had been unconscious for some hours, till, at the sound of a peal of thunder that shook the windows of the room, he

opened his eyes, and gazing upwards with a solemn expression, raised his clenched fist high in the air. Then, in a moment, the arm dropped, the eyes closed, and his great spirit passed out into the storm.

We do not judge Beethoven as we judge other musicians, by comparison with his fellows. His place is on the throne in the kingdom of his art; to find his peers we must look for a Homer or a Shakespeare, themselves kings. In his work all that is loftiest and noblest, and all that is most human and most sympathetic in music finds its expression. In it we may find a reflection of our every mood; it is music that contains possibilities seemingly inexhaustible, music which it is an education to have understood. The more intimate our knowledge of it—and, through it, of him—the more are we able to realize his meaning when he said: “Wem sich meine Musik verstanlich macht, Der ist uber allen Jammer der Welt erhaben.”—“He who can enter into the spirit of my music will be beyond the reach of the world’s misery.”

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF
BEETHOVEN'S WORKS.

- 1770-1790. Minor Pianoforte Pieces; Ritter Ballet (1790).
1791-1795. Sonatas; Trios; Concertos; Adelaide (1795?).
1796-1800. Quartettes; Sonatas; Concertos; "Prometheus" ballet (1800); "Mount of Olives" (1800); First Symphony (1800); Scena, "Ah perfido" (1796).
1801-1805. 2nd Symphony (1802); 3rd Symphony, "Eroica" (1803); "Fidelio" (1805); Sonatas, including the "Moonlight" (1801), "Kreutzer" (1803), "Waldstein" (1804), "Appassionata" (1804); Songs; Chamber Music.
1806-1810. Sonatas; Concertos; Songs; Chamber Music, including the "Rasoumoffsky" Quartettes, (1806); Fourth Symphony (1806); Mass in C (1807); Fifth Symphony (1808); Sixth Symphony, "Pastoral" (1808); "Egmont" Music (1810).
1811-1815. Seventh and Eighth Symphonies (1812); "Ruins of Athens" (1811); "König Stephan" (1811); "Schlacht bei Vittoria" (1813); "Namensfeier" Overture (1814); Sonatas.
1816-1820. Chamber Music; Songs.
1821-1827. Chamber Music; Sonatas; Songs; "Weihe des Hauses" Overture (1822); Ninth Symphony, "Choral" (1823); Missa Solennis (1823).

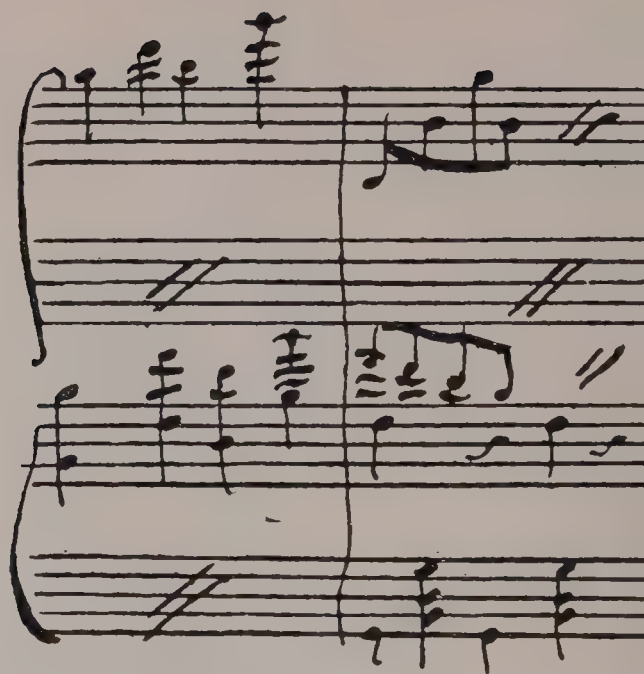
VIII.—WEBER (1786-1826).

The life of Carl Maria Weber falls easily into two divisions—the first represented by the period in which, instigated partly by the extravagances and vagaries of an unprincipled father, and partly by an inherited carelessness of disposition, the composer was living a *nonchalant* life in the easy-mannered courts of Southern Germany; the second, dating from his twenty-fifth year, being the time of the development of his individuality and of his genius. .

His father, Franz Anton Weber, was originally in the army, from which he had retired wounded and entered the Civil Service. He knew nothing of finance and little of law, but his position enabled him to secure an appointment as financial councillor and district judge to the Elector of Cologne. He was a nobleman, and played the violin exquisitely, qualities which at that time sufficed to compensate for the neglect of his duties. When the Elector died, his successor had no fancy for this extraordinary judge and councillor, most of whose time was spent behind the scenes at the Opera House, and dismissed him with a small pension. In the course of years of struggle, now as *impresario* of a traveling operatic company, now fulfilling the duties of Capellmeister

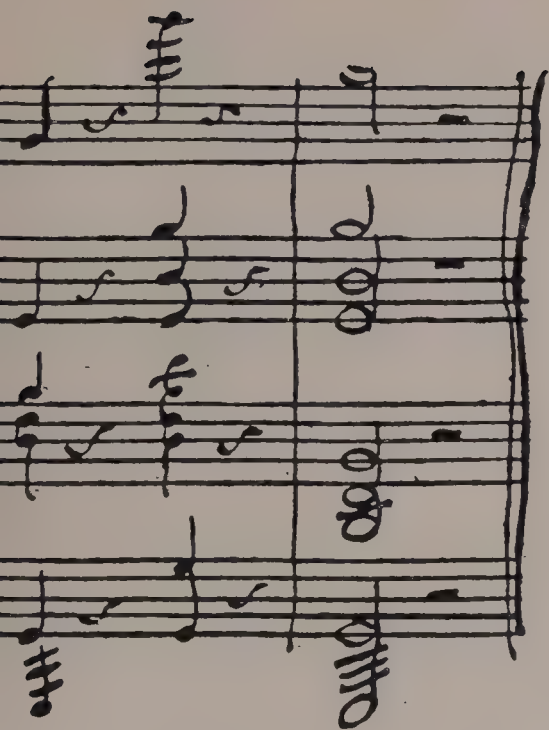


CARL MARIA WEBER.



f: 25:2

Facsimile from MS. of Weber preserved in



Stenritz. Ch. Weber

for Pf., Flute and Violin, Op. 63.)

at various small courts, Franz Weber squandered away all that was left of the fortune of his wife, whom want and anxiety soon brought to her deathbed. In 1785, being now fifty years of age, he married a pretty and delicate girl of sixteen, who on December 18th of the next year gave birth to a weakly infant suffering from a disease of the hip which resulted in incurable lameness. This child was Carl Maria Weber, the future composer of *Euryanthe* and *Der Freischütz*.

In common with a host of other musical children, both then and since, Weber suffered indirectly in consequence of the brilliant career of the boy Mozart. His father was determined to have a musical prodigy in the family, and as poor little Carl showed an aptitude which none of his brothers had possessed, he was doomed to singing lessons and lessons on the piano almost before he could talk. His father resumed his wanderings at the head of an operatic troupe, taking his delicate wife and child with him. Injurious as it must have been to his health, it must be admitted that the mode of his early life proved of service to the boy in many ways. In the first place his father was wise enough, although insisting strenuously upon the paramount importance of music, not to neglect the other branches of education; and, moreover, whilst he acquired a certain self-reliance from this roving mode of life, early intimacy with the stage gave him a knowledge of theatrical effect of the greatest value to one destined to become a composer of dramatic music.

His mother died before he was twelve years old, and he was thus entirely given over to the influence of a selfish and

unscrupulous father, whose one merit was that, in his way, he was fond of his son and gave him a thoroughly good musical education. At the same time this was to a great extent neutralized by his forcing the boy to write music of all kinds at an age when his talents were immature, and the result obtained was naturally disappointing.

Still, more than one musician of influence was attracted by his exceptional abilities; amongst others he secured the patronage of the Abbe Vogler, a Viennese composer—a musical charlatan, perhaps, but a man of keen insight. To his influence Weber owed his appointment, in his seventeenth year, as conductor of the Opera at Breslau. The young enthusiast managed with great spirit to overcome the difficulties of his position, that of a lad in his teens set as Director over the heads of men two or three times his age; but his strict discipline made him many enemies, whose malevolent tactics compelled him after two years to throw up his post. It was about this time (1807) that he wrote his first compositions of importance, the two symphonies in C.

In his twenty-first year, Weber was suddenly transferred from solitary insignificance into the midst of a brilliant and dissipated Court. At the instance of one of his patrons he was made Secretary to the Duke Louis, brother of the King of Wurtemberg. Neither Weber's inherited temperament nor the example of his father—who now contributed to his life nothing but debts and a mischievous influence—was calculated to smooth the way in his difficult position. He was expected entirely to regulate the Duke's private affairs, and to act as mediator between him and the King when neces-

sary, which was often. His Majesty, whose temper was none of the sweetest, grew to hate this persistent secretary, who in his turn smarted under the indignities heaped upon him by the King. On one occasion, as Weber was leaving the Royal presence after a stormy interview in which the composer had been more than usually insulted, he perpetrated a practical joke which might have resulted in very serious consequences. Limping angrily through the ante-room adjoining the apartments where he had left the King fuming, he was accosted by an ill-favored dame, who inquired where she could find the royal washerwoman. "There!" cried the exasperated Weber, pointing to the door of the King's private room. The old lady unsuspectingly entered, and was met with a violent torrent of abuse from the King, who had a horror of ugly old women, and it was with difficulty that she could stammer out an explanation of her intrusion. The King at once guessed who was responsible for the trick, and ordered Weber to be thrown into prison. The Duke's intercession procured his release, but the King's animosity was relentless in seeking an opportunity for revenge.

This was not long in coming. Weber discovered, to his shame and consternation, that his father had for some time been misappropriating money which the Duke had entrusted to his secretary to pay off a mortgage on his estates. To shield his father, who little deserved such generosity, Weber took all the blame upon himself. After a mock trial, at which the King presided, he was sentenced to exile; and so in February, 1810, the Webers, father and son, were in an

ignominious manner conducted to the frontier by the police. They took refuge at Mannheim, a city which recommended itself to Weber as a musical centre, where he could hope to devote himself entirely to his art, freed as he had been by a hard but salutary experience from the demoralizing influences with which he had been previously surrounded.

The elder Weber lived for two years longer; and nothing does more credit to his son's disposition than the tender care with which he surrounded this father, who had been the cause of endless trials and troubles borne without a reproach. On hearing of his father's death he wrote in his diary: "He fell asleep tranquilly, it is said. May God grant him above that peace which he had not below! It is beyond measure painful to me that I could do no more to procure his happiness. May God bless him for all the great love he bore me, which I did not deserve, and for the education he bestowed on me."

Weber's artistic career may be said to have begun on the day in 1810 when he settled in Mannheim. The example of his friend Meyerbeer—who, though not yet twenty, was already one of the first pianists of his day—stimulated him to higher flights in composition; and before the year was out he had produced his first pianoforte concerto, six sonatas for piano and violin, and several songs. In the same year, too, the idea of *Der Freischütz* had its birth. Weber happened, when in company with a young poet friend, to come across a new book of *Gesperster Geschichten* (Ghost Stories) by Apel, one of the tales in which, entitled "Der Freischütz," so struck the fancy of both as an ideal subject

for romantic opera that they spent the greater part of the night in sketching out the plan of a libretto. Weber's friend was very anxious to undertake the writing of this, but press of work prevented him, and the work was set aside, as it proved, for ten years—a lucky accident, for the composition of the opera was thus deferred until Weber's powers had reached their fullest development.

For the next four years Weber was a wanderer. His activity was untiring. Concerts were given in almost all the principal towns of Germany, and at the same time he worked hard at composition, producing some of the most successful of his orchestral works. He visited Prague, Leipzig, Dresden, Berlin—where his first important attempt at opera, *Sylvana*, was performed with some success—Weimar, Gotha, Vienna, and eventually in 1814 returned to Berlin.

At this time patriotic feeling ran very high among the Germans. Paris had fallen, the dreaded French invader was repulsed, and Napoleon exiled to Elba. Men would listen to no songs but those which told of war and the heroic deeds of German patriots. Among the vast number of such poems the finest and the most popular were those given to the world by Theodor Körner under the title of "Lyre and Sword." Weber procured these, read and re-read them until they became part of himself, and wedded them to music so appropriate and so inspiring that they became at once the national songs of the day, raising their composer's popularity to an unprecedented height. Wherever the German tongue was spoken these songs were sung and the name of Weber greeted with acclamation.

This visit to Berlin was paid during a leave of absence from Weber's duties as conductor at the Prague Opera, where he was endeavoring to overcome the prejudice of the public with regard to German, as opposed to Italian, opera. A taste vitiated by the music of a degenerate Italian school could not be expected at once to appreciate the beauties of this newer and higher form of the art; still it must have been a cruel disappointment to Weber that a faultless performance of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, upon which he had spent infinite pains, should be received with complete coldness. "I brought out on the 26th," he wrote to a friend, "Beethoven's *Fidelio*, which went splendidly. The music is indeed full of beautiful things, but they don't understand it: it is enough to make one frantic. Punch and Judy would suit them better!"

A fresh access of popularity came to him in Prague as a consequence of the performance of his great patriotic cantata, *Kampf und Sieg*, in 1815; but Weber felt that he was justified in seeking for a position more worthy of his fame, and in the course of the following year sent in his resignation as Capellmeister. By good fortune the corresponding post in the Opera at Dresden fell vacant just at this time. The director of the Opera House was very anxious to establish German opera there in place of what had usually occupied the boards, and in Weber he found the very man to carry out such a plan. The King of Saxony, who owed his position entirely to Napoleon and was a declared ally of the French, cherished no kindly feelings towards his neighbors the Prussians, and was thoroughly opposed to this German operatic project. His objections were, however, overcome,

and in 1817 Weber accepted the important post that was offered to him. In the same year he was married to Caroline Brandt, a famous singer, the modesty and innocence of whose character had acted as a charm in exorcising the effect of a previous regrettable entanglement of Weber's. The young couple, whose happiness seemed unclouded, took up their abode in Dresden, where they soon became universally popular.

It was in Dresden that Weber made the acquaintance of Friedrich Kind, whose literary ability and intimate knowledge of the stage strongly recommended him to Weber as a collaborator. In casting about for an operatic subject, the composer came upon the forgotten sketch of *Der Freischütz*. Kind was delighted with the story, and in two months delivered over to Weber a complete libretto, which elicited a ready response from the musician. From this time until the summer of 1820, the composition of this opera was Weber's chief thought. He composed much else, it is true, and suffered from a thousand distractions in the course of his official duties; but this opera, which was to be the crown of his musical life, was always first in his mind.

Happy as his prospect at first appeared, Weber before long found himself assailed on all sides by covert attacks and slights. The source of these was the King's prime minister, who had taken a strong dislike to Weber and lost no opportunity of increasing the King's rancor against this upholder of German opera, this composer of such emphatically German songs as those from "Lyre and Sword." But, in face of the marked advance in completeness and brilliancy shown

by the performances at the Opera House, the King was obliged to defer to public sentiment, and to confirm Weber's appointment for life. By this means Caroline Weber was enabled to fulfill her husband's wish and leave the stage, to devote all her sweetness to the task of creating happiness in her home.

Against this had to be set the fact that the influence of Weber's friends at Court was waning, and that anonymous insults from his enemies and marked slights from the King were producing their effect upon the composer's delicate constitution. One may note with admiration how, even under these exasperating circumstances, Weber's largeness of heart never failed to recognize the merits of other works in his own field with a generosity that has not always been the accompaniment of genius. Both Spohr and Hummel owed much of their success in Dresden to his active help.

A distinguished pupil of Weber's gives an account of his first meeting with him about this time. "Ascending the by-no-means-easy staircase which led to his modest home on the third story of a house in the Alt-Markt, I found him," he says, "sitting at his desk, occupied with the pianoforte arrangement of his *Freischütz*. The dire disease which all too soon was to carry him off had made its mark on his noble features; the projecting cheek-bones, the general emaciation, told their sad tale; but in his mighty forehead, fringed by a few straggling locks, in the sweet expression of his mouth, in the very tone of his weak but melodious voice, there was a magic power which irresistibly attracted all who approached him."

At last arrived the memorable evening of the production of *Der Freischütz*, and with it the climax of Weber's life. The day chosen, June 18th, 1820, was the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. After the dress rehearsal on the preceding day many of Weber's friends were full of gloomy anticipations; for, though the singers and orchestra had been at their best, some of the most important accessories, such as the elaborate mechanical effects in the "Incantation" scene, had been in anything but good working order. It was feared, moreover, that in its departure from tradition and its general boldness of treatment the music might prove to be over the heads of the audience, and that, after all, failure and disappointment might be the reward of the toil of years. Weber was perhaps the only one who was confident and undisturbed. With the true perception of an artist, he knew the value of his work; and he had judged rightly. At the performance everything went smoothly, and the result was a triumph so brilliant as to exceed his fondest hopes.

Three years later he achieved what appeared to be an even greater success with his opera *Euryanthe*; but it was not long before the venomous attacks of his enemies again began to harass him. Too generous to retaliate in kind, Weber with his sensitive nature, suffered terribly under the injustice and rancor of which he was the mark—the more so as some of those whom he had most benefited, including the composer Spohr, were among the most bitter against him.

In the following year Weber was gratified by receiving from Charles Kemble, the lessee of Covent Garden Theatre, an invitation to write the music for an opera, which should

have an English libretto, to be produced at that house. The great popularity in England of *Der Freischütz* (which was given in three London theatres simultaneously) and the composer's strong sympathy with the English inclined him to accept the proposal. The remuneration offered him would be most acceptable, as nearly all his paltry salary, and all the profits from his previous operas, had been swallowed up by his honorable determination to discharge the debts his father had left behind him at his death. In his doubt as to whether his impaired health would now stand the strain of the effort, he consulted his doctor, who told him that his only chance of five or six years more of life lay in absolute cessation from work and a long visit to the South. Failing this, a few months might be all that was left to him. Recognizing the terrible position in which his death would leave his wife and children were he not able to make some provision for them, he resolutely answered the doctor: "As God will. From what you say, I cannot hope to secure a future for my wife and family by dragging on a useless life for a few years. In England I may expect a return for my labors which will leave them in possession of means which I could not otherwise procure them; thus it is better I should accept the task." He bound the doctor to the strictest secrecy as to what had passed between them, and at once set to work to study the English language, and make himself master of the libretto of the new opera, the subject of which was *Oberon*.

By the beginning of 1826 the opera was ready. In spite of the consuming pain of which he was perpetually the victim, Weber was able to produce a work of great delicacy and

beauty, under the music of which there seems to lie a vein of happiness that is almost incomprehensible. Notwithstanding his friends' remonstrances he was determined to go to London in time to superintend the rehearsals of the opera. His answer to those who would dissuade him was always the same: "It is all one! Whether I go or remain, in one year I am a dead man. But if I go, my children will have bread when their father dies; if I remain, they will starve."

This, his last triumph, was undisputed and complete. *Oberon* created at its first performance at Covent Garden, on April 12th, 1826, an almost unprecedented effect. The following is extracted from the account of one who was present on the occasion: "When the curtain fell, the entire audience, who had shown the composer their attention and regard by remaining in their places till all was over, rose simultaneously with frantic and unceasing calls for Weber, who at last appeared, trembling with emotion, exhausted, but happy. Such a distinction was till then unheard of in England, and worth recording, though of late it has been most indiscriminately bestowed. Weber, elated, though physically prostrated by excitement, wrote after the performance to his wife: 'By God's grace and help I have to-night had such a perfect success as perhaps never before. It is quite impossible to describe the dazzling and touching effect of such a complete and cloudless triumph. God alone be praised for it!'"

In two months from this Weber was dead. Once the excitement of the *Oberon* production had passed over, he was seized with a passionate yearning for home. "I am a shattered machine," he said to his friends; "would to God it could

be held together till I might once more embrace my Lina and my boys!" Sustained by his purpose of procuring provision for the future of his dear ones, he still persisted in attempting to appear at public performances, and to give concerts, until this was imperatively forbidden by the doctors. Then, although he knew the desperate nature of his case, he became happier at the thought that he was free to leave England and might perhaps live long enough to see his wife again. His letters to her were full of a tender playfulness at the thought; everything was duly arranged, and the 6th of June had been fixed for his start on his homeward journey. On the morning of the 5th, when his servant entered his room, he found his master lying lifeless on the bed, his face tranquil and bearing no trace of pain.

When, seventeen years later, Weber's remains were transferred to Dresden, Richard Wagner, in pronouncing a "eulogium" upon his memory, struck the right chord in laying particular emphasis upon the greatness of Weber's genius as that of an essentially German composer; and upon the beauty of his character, in its simple manliness, its tenderness, and its generosity.

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF WEBER'S WORKS.

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1798. Op. 1, Sechs Fughetten.
- 1800-1805. Pianoforte pieces, songs, "Peter Schmoll" opera, 1801; "Rübezahl" opera (unfinished), 1805.
- 1806-1810. Pianoforte pieces, songs, concert overture, 1807; 1st and 2nd Symphonies, 1807; Polonaise in E flat, 1808; Quatuor, 1809; "Turandot" music, 1809; "Sylvana" opera, 1810; 1st pf. concerto, 1810.
- 1811-1815. Pianoforte pieces, songs, "Abu Hassan" opera, 1811; Clarinet concerto, 1811; 1st pf. sonata, 1812; 2d pf. concerto, 1812; Lyre and Sword, 1814; Quintette, 1815; Kampf und Sieg, 1815.
- 1816-1820. Songs, 2d and 3d pf. sonatas, 1816; "Jubel" Cantata and Overture, 1818; 1st Mass, 1818; 2nd Mass, 1819; Rondo brillante, 1819; pf. trio, 1819; Aufforderung zum Tanze, 1819; Polacca for pf., 1819; "Der Freischütz," 1820; "Preciosa," 1820.
- 1821-1826. Songs, pianoforte pieces, Concertstück for pf., 1821; "Die drei Pintos" comic opera (unfinished), 1821; 4th pf., sonata, 1822; "Euryanthe," 1823; "Oberon," 1826.

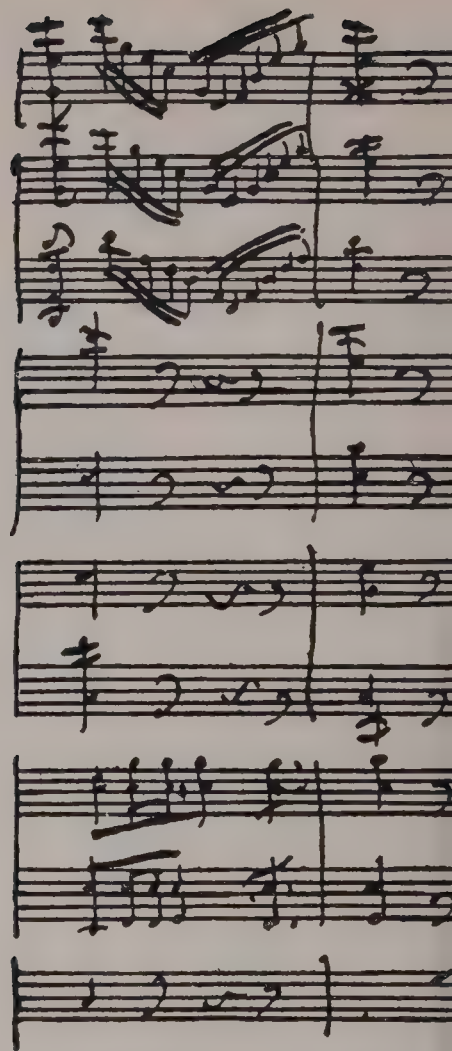
IX.—FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828).

In the case of Schubert, interest rests more with the man's work than with the man himself. His personality was not particularly distinctive, his life was uneventful; but his work produced, at any rate in one department of music, a result whose full significance it has taken the world fifty years to appreciate.

It is the glory of German music, and of Schubert in particular, to have brought the song to its highest perfection. From the days of the Minnesingers, Germany has always been rich in its national *Lieder*—ballads of love, of war, of beauty, handed down from age to age and sung to airs long ago become traditional. From these simple beginnings were gradually developed lyrics such as Goethe and Heine wrote; and in Schubert there was found, "just to the time," the one musician who could most sympathetically enter into the poetic spirit of these writers. In this it is hard to say whether they or he were the more fortunate. Their inspiration freed his genius from the dead-weight of tradition; and he with one burst of melody transmuted the familiar ballad into a form of song so truly lyrical, so incomparably expressive, so full of the passionate reality of life, as to be almost unintelligible to the less imaginative spirits of his time.

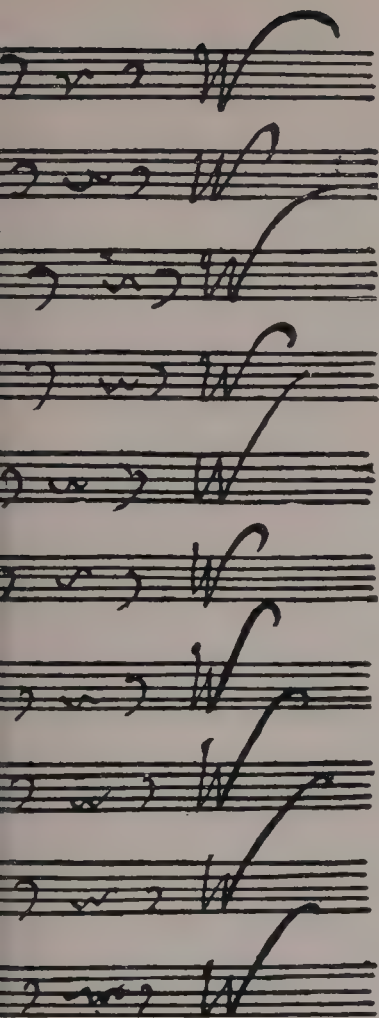


FRANZ SCHUBERT.



Augwill 1823 *For*

Facsimile from MS. of Schubert preserved



From opera "Die Verschworenen."

Schubert's work is now so completely accepted as the last word in song-writing—we have become so accustomed to our inheritance of its beauty—that it needs an effort for us to grasp the magnitude of the change it brought about. If we realize that, since Schubert's time, almost every song worthy of consideration has complied, more or less designedly, with the methods indicated by him; if we compare the spiritless songs of a hundred and fifty years ago with such compositions as "Der Wanderer" or "Der Erl-König," songs that are of the essence of poetry, in which every musical phrase unerringly reflects the spirit of the poem; if we can estimate the advance implied in the abandonment of the old ballad rule by which the melody of the first stanza must necessarily be repeated in the others, and the substitution for this of the rule that the melody may be as variable as the sentiment it expresses, while the accompaniment, no longer colorless or a thing apart, shall bear an important share, by suggestion and support, in producing an exquisite whole—then we shall in some degree be able to appreciate the value of Schubert's short life of work.

Every great mind is in advance of its time; but of none is it more true than of Schubert that he lived for his successors. During his lifetime his hopes were chilled by lack of recognition, and it was not till long after his death that men realized what a glorious legacy he had left them. No doubt it was his misfortune to spend his life in Vienna at a time when the genius of Beethoven seemed to absorb all the interest of the world of music, and when amateurs of the art were divided into opposing cliques; but, more than all this,

it was Schubert's sad but proud privilege to speak in a language too poetical and too lofty to be at once understood.

He was a true son of the people. His mother was a mechanic's daughter; his father kept a small school in Vienna, where, on the last day of January, 1797, the future composer was born. A pleasant voice and readiness in learning music procured him admission to the choir of the Imperial Chapel, and in his position of chorister he was entitled to a free education at the Government School. There his musical inclinations became prominent, and he was before long one of the most enthusiastic members of the school orchestra. Before his voice broke he had composed several pianoforte pieces, including a remarkable fantasia for four hands, and one or two songs which gave some promise. When obliged to leave the choir he would willingly have devoted himself entirely to music, but poverty forbade him any such happiness. He had no money, and his father had very little; so he was obliged to accept his lot, and assist his father in the miserable task of teaching the alphabet to the children of the meanest classes in Vienna. But, the more distasteful the drudgery, the more pleasure did Schubert find in his art at his rare moments of leisure; and it is significant of the relief he thus obtained that some of his best work was produced during the four years he spent in his father's school. His knowledge of composition he gained mostly for himself; but he was started on the right road by the advice and instruction of the musician Salieri, who had been attracted to the boy when he heard him singing in the Imperial Choir.

All through his short life, Schubert was prolific in composition, but always spontaneous. Let a poetic idea once take hold of him, and the music seemed to come of its own accord. In one year, 1815, he wrote six dramatic works, two masses, two symphonies, some church and chamber music, and nearly a hundred and fifty songs!

The extent to which he had resorted to his music as a solace in his days of school teaching is made evident by what happened in the following year. A student of the Vienna University, who was an enthusiastic musician, met by chance with some of Schubert's songs, and was vividly impressed by their originality and beauty. He sought out the composer, and, on realizing the circumstances of his life, asked him to give up the school work and come and live with him in his rooms, by this means to find both opportunity and leisure for the proper development of his powers. To this generous proposal Schubert gladly assented; but in the first twelve months of his liberty, though his compositions included two of his finest songs, the amount of work done was not nearly so large as in the preceding year.

Two years later Schubert's first opportunity came to him in the shape of an offer from Count Johann Esterhazy—a member of a family always famous for its patronage of the arts—that the composer should be installed as Master of Music to the Count's family, at a salary which, to Schubert, seemed princely, while he was to have the additional privilege of living in the Count's house. The latter part of this arrangement seems in some way to have fallen through, for in the following year we find Schubert living in Bohemian

fashion with his friend Mayrhofer, the poet, in a small room in Vienna. One of the greatest advantages to Schubert from the Esterhazy connection was an intimacy formed with Baron Carl von Schönstein, the finest amateur singer of his day. He was very enthusiastic over Schubert's compositions, and made a point of singing them everywhere. This, at a time when publishers were exceptionally timid, was naturally of immense assistance to a young composer's reputation.

The publishers were indeed extraordinarily obtuse. They appeared incapable of realizing the quality of Schubert's work, and it was not until his twenty-fourth year that he induced one of them to accept some of his songs. This, however, broke the ice. The songs began to be heard in public, and some of them, the "Erl-König" especially, met with great success. But the success, unfortunately for Schubert, was artistic rather than financial. Publishers still shrank from the acceptance of music which, as they said, was in every sense too difficult to be remunerative; and meanwhile Schubert had no money. Moreover, though his songs pleased, the recognition of his powers was, after all, confined to a few. His work made no stir except in immediate musical circles; consequently it was a hard fight before the songs sold at all well, and even when they did he was but little the better off for it. Their sale in some cases brought large sums of money to the publishers; but this did not benefit Schubert, who had in more than one instance, under pressure of poverty, parted with valuable copyrights for miserably inadequate sums. In money mat-

ters he was completely helpless unless he had some judicious friends at his elbow, and so was frequently imposed upon.

His life passed humbly and uneventfully in Vienna, his facility in composition increasing as his genius developed. Remarkable instances are recorded of the quickness of his imagination and the apparently irresistible manner in which melody presented itself to him. For example, the following account is given of the composition of the exquisite song, "Hark, Hark, the Lark." "Schubert was sitting one afternoon with a number of boon companions in the garden of a Viennese tavern known as the Biersack. The surroundings were anything but conducive to poetic fancies—the clatter of mugs and dishes, the loud dissonance of beery roysterers, the squalling of children, and all the sights and sounds characteristic of the tavern. One of the composer's companions had with him a volume of Shakespeare, at which Schubert was looking in a lazy way, laughing and drinking the while. Singling out some verses, he said, 'I have a pretty melody in my head for these lines, if only I could get a piece of ruled paper.' Some staves were drawn on the back of a bill of fare, and here, amid all the confusion and riot, was born this divine melody—a song which embodies the most delicate dream of passion and tenderness that the heart of man ever conceived."

The "Erl-König" was composed in less than an hour after Schubert had read Goethe's poem for the first time.

As his compositions became more widely known, many influential people were attracted to him, but he found more pleasure in the society of his kindred younger spirits, with

some of whom he formed the most romantic attachments. His most enthusiastic admirers among these young men established what they called the "Schubertiaden," which were convivial musical meetings at which only Schubert's compositions were performed. In the midst of these companions the composer lost the shyness and reserve which told so heavily against him in his intercourse with his would-be patrons. In "society" Schubert never felt at his ease. His early training and circumstances had not been such as to rid him of a natural clumsiness of manner; his face was not attractive, except when illuminated by excitement; and his sensitiveness on these points only served to make matters worse.

Though they lived at no distance from one another, Schubert and Beethoven never met until the latter was on his deathbed. Then he twice received Schubert. On the first occasion he treated him with affectionate warmth; at the next visit Beethoven was unable to speak, but lay with his eyes lovingly fixed on Schubert's; and at the great man's funeral, which took place three weeks later, Schubert was one of the torch-bearers.

Beethoven had taken much interest in Schubert's work, and believed in his powers; on seeing one of his songs for the first time he exclaimed, "Certainly here is one who possesses a spark of the divine fire!"

On the other hand, Schubert's admiration for Beethoven, whose supremacy was now everywhere acknowledged, was unbounded, and in many of his methods he shows himself Beethoven's disciple.

During the years 1822 and 1823 Schubert passed through a terrible period of gloom and depression, induced by the monotony of disappointment and aggravated by ill health. In a letter to a friend at this time he wrote, quoting Goethe's lines—

“ ‘ Meine Ruh 'ist hin, mein Herz ist shewer,
Ich finde sie nimmer, und nimmermehr.’ ”

I can repeat these lines every day now ; for every night when I go to sleep I hope never to awake, and every morning opens afresh the wound of yesterday.”

And yet in this very time of trial he produced, like Beethoven, some of his finest work. The wonderful “Octet” and the “Unfinished” Symphony in B minor were both written during these years, and it is by the light of such work as this that we can appreciate the spirit in which Schubert wrote: “My music is the child of my genius and my misery ; that which I have written in my greatest distress is what the world appears to like the best !”

After Beethoven's death the Rossini fever raged in Viennese musical circles. They would have nothing but that composer's music ; and Schubert, besides feeling genuine admiration for Rossini's work, had no strong clique of his own to withstand those whose desire it was to see all music neglected save that of their particular idol. Violent and acrimonious partisanship was in no way congenial to his kindly disposition, though in a passage at arms in which he subsequently engaged with Weber he doubtless felt the disadvantage of lacking some such support. The effect of all this

was to prevent his enjoying the recognition which was his right. He was debarred, too, by his imperfect skill as a pianist, from giving public concerts—a course by which musicians could, as a rule, reap much profit in Vienna. Once his friends organized a concert for him, and the result was a conspicuous success; but he never ventured upon the experiment on his own account. Though he accompanied his own songs with excellent taste, he was not in any way a brilliant performer on the pianoforte. The publishers were still shy of accepting his compositions, although what they had already printed sold well. Apart from their reluctance, however, the fact that five-sixths of his work was never published during his lifetime was probably in some measure due to his obstinate and unyielding attitude in certain matters of judgment, in which he turned a deaf ear to the advice of his friends.

In 1825 his despondency passed off for a time, and we find him back in the Esterhazy household, more cheerful and much more hopeful. He was able to enjoy what was to him a rare pleasure, a trip into the Tyrol with some friends, and his letters and journal at this time are full of good spirits. Change of scene and life produced so marked an improvement that it is not improbable that, had his means permitted, he might have been able to delay the end which was now drawing so near. As it was, the benefit was only temporary. Shortly after he settled again in Vienna he relapsed into his former condition, and illness more and more unmistakably laid hold on him. Poverty haunted him like a spectre. He was very poorly paid for his compositions; at no time does

he appear to have received more than £100 in a year—a sum which, with his helplessness in money matters, did not go very far. Though he had good friends, these were mostly young men of his own standing who could not command much, and neither his disposition nor his circumstances had been such as to enable Schubert to enlist the services of wealthy patrons.

As if with a prescience of the little span of life that was left to him, he now worked with a feverish rapidity which inevitably hastened the course of his illness. The last year of his life saw the production of the beautiful cycle of songs known as the “Winterreise”; also of his great Symphony in C, in which he reached his climax in orchestral writing. He never heard the latter work performed, for the musical society of Vienna to whom he presented it found its difficulties to be beyond their powers of execution, and the composer was reluctantly compelled to advise them to substitute for it one of his earlier and simpler symphonies.

Not long afterwards his strength began to fail him, although he persisted in his work until, after sinking rapidly, he died on October 19th, 1828. At his special request his grave was dug near to that of Beethoven.

Schubert was never married. He was rather fond of posing as a misogynist, and indeed was never quite at his ease in the company of the other sex. The chief among his biographers says of him, from personal knowledge, that he “was a good son, a loving brother, a true friend; good-tempered, well-meaning, free from hatred or envy; large-hearted, and enthusiastic for nature and the art he held

sacred. In disposition he was genial, honest and straightforward, and quite without affectation or sentimentalism."

The number of compositions—nearly a thousand altogether and nearly six hundred of them songs—which he accomplished in the thirty years of his life, is astonishing, and would have been impossible but for the spontaneity with which his music flowed from him. As the state of his MSS. shows, it was very rare for his work to need any alteration after he had once noted it down. He wrote fifteen operas, all abounding in beautiful airs, but not possessed of sufficient dramatic coherency to find a lasting place on the stage. It was in lyrical melody, the perfection of the German "Lied," that he was unequalled. In opera he appeared unable to keep this lyrical impulse sufficiently in subordination to dramatic necessity. The same thing is noticeable in much of his pianoforte music, where his melodic facility sometimes leads to diffuseness and loss of symmetry.

In his song, on the other hand, there is truly dramatic as well as purely lyrical quality. What, for instance, could be richer in the spirit of romance than the "Serenade," or what more effective in dramatic contrast than the "Erl-König," to name only two of a score of such masterpieces? Through all his works the spirit of poetry spoke as it had rarely spoken before in music. "He has notes," wrote Schumann of him, "for the finest sensibilities and thoughts, even for events and situations. Although there are myriad forms of human wish and endeavor, his music has myriad ways of expressing them. All that he sees or touches is transformed into music."

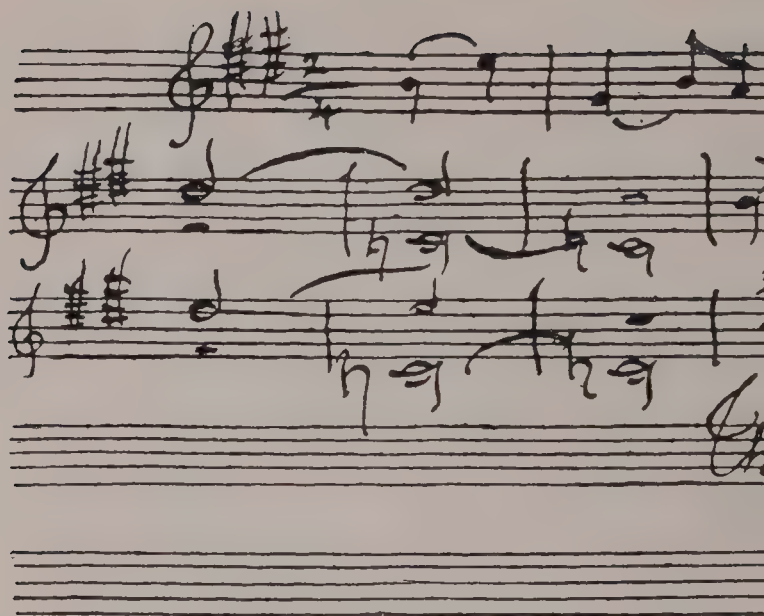
As an orchestral performer Schubert ranks high, although his symphonies were neglected and the finest even unknown for a long time. It was not until seven years after the composer's death that his finest symphony, that in C, was brought to light by his famous disciple and ardent champion, Schumann.

It is by his creation of the artistic form of song, by his transformation of a cold formalism into a passionate and poetical life, that Schubert has won a deathless name in music. He has had brilliant successors in his path—Schumann, Robert Franz, Loewe, Brahms, Dvorak—but none have surpassed him in that aptness of poetic instinct, that inexhaustible fund of melody and that richness of fancy which so fully entitle him to Liszt's description of "the most poetic of musicians."

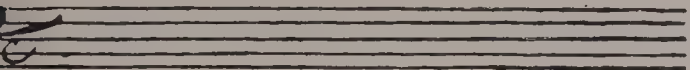
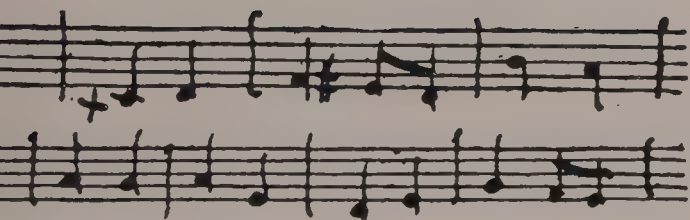
CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF SCHUBERT'S WORKS.

1810. Phantasie for Pf.
- 1811-1815. More than 200 songs (including "Der Taucher," 1813; "Gretchen am Spinnrade," 1814; "An Mignon," "Erl-König," 1815); Canons; Cantatas; Symphony No. 1, 1813; Mass No. 1, Symphony No. 2, 1814; Mass No. 2, Symphony No. 3, Mass No. 3, 1815; 4 Pf. Sonatas; Chamber Music.
- 1816-1820. About 250 songs (including "Der Wanderer," 1816); Symphonies, Nos. 4 and 5, 1816; Symphony No. 6, 1817; "Die Zwillingsbrüder" (peretta), Mass No. 4, 1818; Mass No. 5, 1819; 9 Pf. Sonatas, Phantasies, Chamber Music.
- 1821-1825. About 100 songs (including "Müllerlieder," 1823; "Die Junge Nonne," "Auf der Brücke," "Ave Maria," 1825); Symphony No. 7, 1821; "Alfonso und Estrella," acts 1 and 2, 1821; Symphony No. 8 (unfinished), 1822; "Alfonso und Estrella," act 3, 1822; "Fierrabras," "Rosamunde" music, 1823; Octette, 1824; Symphony No. 9 (lost), 1825; 6 Pf. Sonatas; Chamber Music.
1826. About 90 songs (including "An Sylvia," 1825; "Winterreise," "Der Vater mit dem Kind," 1827); "Fantasie" Sonata for Pf., 1826; two Trios; Phantasie for Pf. and Violin, 1827; Symphony No. 10, 1828; 5 Pianoforte Sonatas; Chamber Music.

Date uncertain: Pf. Marches, Polonaises, Impromptus, Momens Musicals, Ländler.

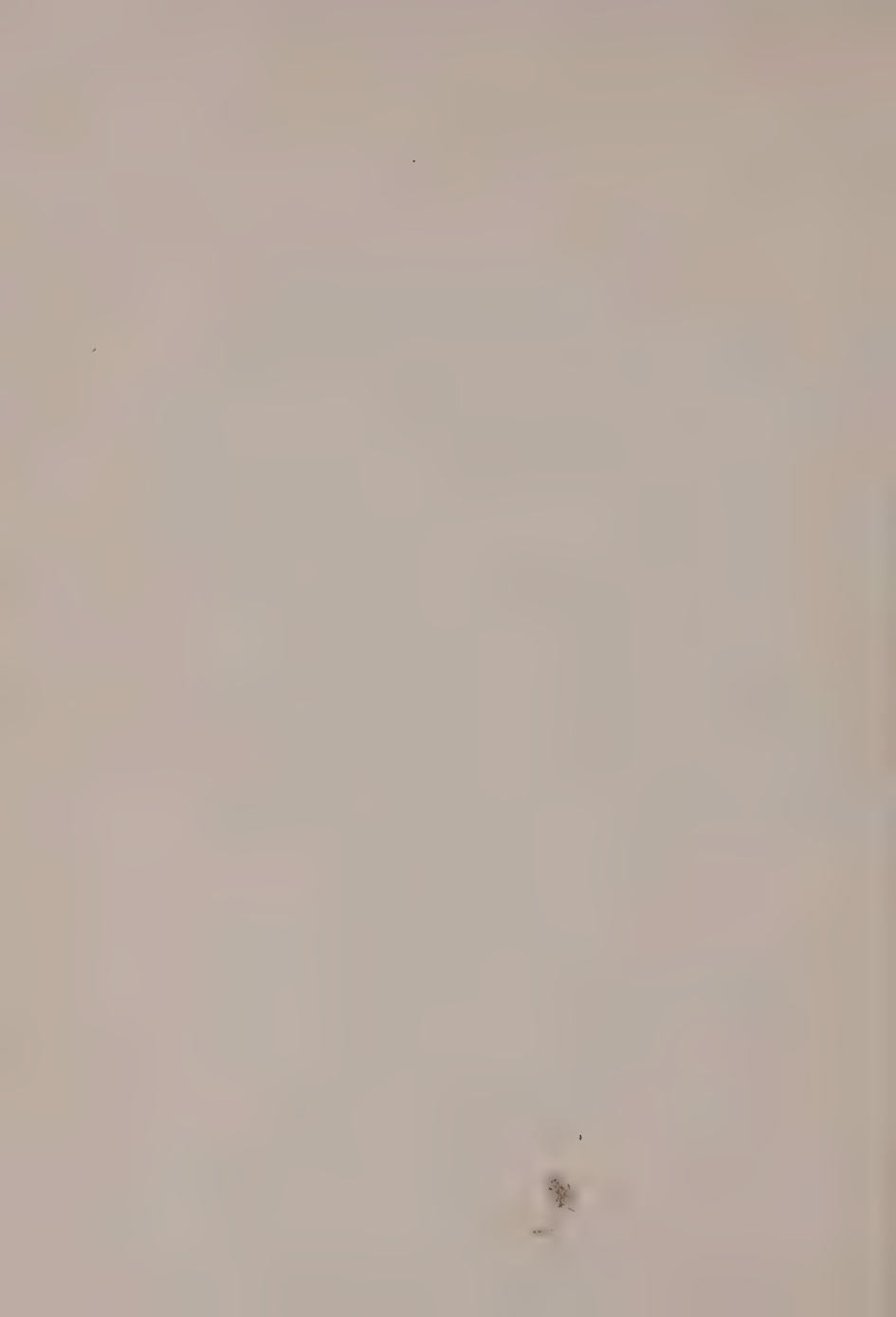


Facsimile from MS.



marche by Delius

to Beethoven



X.—BERLIOZ (1803-1869).

Whether or not a prophet have honor in his own country depends (provided the prophet be genuinely inspired and no impostor), mainly upon the fitness of his country to receive his message. Should it fall upon unreceptive ears and minds, unresponsive, be the voice never so authoritative, it will produce no effect. Such was the case with Berlioz and his fellow-countrymen. A genius of enormous, if somewhat undisciplined, power, of a rank a little below that of Beethoven and Mozart, lived to find its worth recognized everywhere except in the quarter where it most hungered for recognition. Frenchman to the backbone, Berlioz was in his lifetime utterly unappreciated in France; and for this neglect no foreign honors could in his estimation compensate. It is true that of recent years—until, perhaps, quite lately—Berlioz has been a little allowed to drop out of sight; but this has been chiefly owing to the unusual difficulties of execution presented by his music, and any who have made themselves acquainted with it will readily admit that it is the outcome of an imagination of altogether exceptional vigor and originality.

LOUIS HECTOR BERLIOZ was born on December 11th, 1803, at Côte-Saint-André, a small town not far from Lyons. As

a boy he displayed no particular precocity, but a decided taste for music. By the time he was twelve he could read music easily, sing fairly well, and play the flute and guitar. His "book learning" was erratic. What he liked he learnt rapidly, and everything that savored of the romantic took a firm hold on his mind, but the classics fared badly; and to the disgust of his father, who was an enthusiastic physician, so did all attempts at medical study. While the worthy doctor regarded the young Hector's efforts in musical composition merely as an outlet for an over-vivid imagination, his son found pleasure only in this work, and disgust in the more serious matters of the dissecting room.

His father had made up his mind that Hector was to follow in his steps as regards the choice of a profession, but it was not long before he was made unmistakably aware that nothing was farther from his son's intentions. The latter had determined that he would at all costs become a musician, and he took his future upon himself. A cantata gained him admission to the Paris Conservatoire, where he became an enthusiastic disciple of Lesueur, now a forgotten musician, but a man of importance in his day. In a short time Berlioz had turned out various compositions of no particular merit, and even succeeded in inducing a wealthy amateur to produce one of them, but the *début* passed unnoticed.

Trying to fly too high before his wings were fully grown, Berlioz then competed for the Prix de Rome. This prize was a valuable honor, for it carried with it an annuity of three thousand francs for five years and provided for two years' residence at the Conservatoire in Rome. Great was

Berlioz's disappointment to find that his composition was not even judged worthy of mention; and still greater was his disgust when his father peremptorily ordered him home, determined that his son should not swell the ranks of mediocre musicians, but should devote himself to the honorable profession of medicine.

The result of this was to plunge Berlioz into such depths of despondency that his father at last so far abandoned his position as to consent to his son's going to Paris to study music for a definite period, at the end of which, if his attempts should produce no better results than the former, the would-be composer was to admit that Nature did not intend him for a musician, and finally adopt his father's calling.

This proposal put Berlioz on his mettle. In 1826 he returned to Paris and took up his quarters with a friend in the Quartier Latin. For a time he was, in his way, happy. He worked feverishly at his music, always with the hope of fame before him, and enthusiastically blind to his many privations and discomforts. Unfortunately trouble soon began to wear only too real an aspect. In consequence of his having entangled himself in debts, his father refused to continue the allowance he had hitherto sent him; his friend had not enough for two, and starvation seemed to stare Berlioz in the face. The year 1827 was a terrible one for him; but, with the help of a miserable pittance he received as a member of the chorus in a second-rate theatre, he managed to weather the storm.

The next year brought encouragement. He again competed for the Prix de Rome, and this time his composition

was not rejected as worthless, but declared to be impossible of acceptance inasmuch as it was impossible of performance. Berlioz, who was beginning to find out his powers, and had lavished all his strength on this work, was furious at the result. He was scarcely in a condition to appreciate the dismay caused among his ultra-academic judges by his novel and daring method of writing. His composition, no doubt, bristled with unusual difficulties, for he was at the beginning of his development into one of the greatest masters of the art of orchestration that the history of music has known, and his writing at this period betrayed the exaggeration seldom absent from the work of a young and extraordinary genius.

He declared, however, that the work *should* be performed, and with some difficulty gained permission to give a concert in the Conservatoire. The result was fairly satisfactory. The performance was not without its disastrous incidents, but it had at any rate the good effect of directing attention to Berlioz, who was now regarded as a possible personage in the musical world, though it was true he was generally thought of as a headstrong pupil, whose one view of rules was that they should, if possible, be broken. At last even his academic critics were forced to admit his genius; for, two years later, when he again competed for the Prix de Rome, he gained it. His composition was a cantata on the subject of *Sardanapalus*.

He at once (in 1830) left for Italy to take up his residence in Rome for the allotted two years, but Rome presented very little attraction to him. Italian music, which he detested, had sunk to a level of complete vapidty; except for the com-

pany of Mendelssohn and Liszt, there was in Rome no musical society to his taste. He hankered after the excitement of the artistic struggle in Paris, and was driven to spend most of his time in excursions to romantic spots in the neighborhood in the hope of dissipating his *ennui*.

There was, it is true, one sufficiently sensational incident to break this monotony. Berlioz imagined that he had been spitefully treated at the hands of a certain fair *Parisienne*, and in his Roman solitude brooded over his wrongs until his volcanic temperament incited him to a desperate resolve. He left Rome one night, bound for Paris, in a white heat of vengeful despair; armed with pistols, two small bottles of poison, and a female costume—in which last he proposed to disguise himself, and, having thus gained access to his faithless fair, to kill first her and then himself. Between Florence and Genoa he managed to lose the costume, and at Genoa every dressmaker in the town firmly refused to let him have another. Nothing daunted, he went on; but as he approached the frontier it occurred to him, in a lucid moment, that if he left Italy without permission his name would be struck off the list of students at the Conservatoire and his annuity be forfeited. He therefore made a halt for reflection at a small coast town, where in a moment of amatory abstraction he managed to fall from the town walls into the water. This finally cooled his ardor, and he returned rather crestfallen to Rome.

In the spring of 1832 he was free to return to Paris, as he was eager to do, and to throw himself once more into the thick of the musical battle. "I left Rome without regret,"

he wrote to Ferdinand Hiller; "the confined life of the Villa Medici was becoming more and more insupportable to me." By the time of his return to Paris he had gained at least notoriety, if nothing more, and this was of value to him in his project of concert-giving. His compositions were, however, too highly charged with color and imagination to suit a taste which found all that it required in *opera comique*. Amongst French musicians, too, his methods evoked as much ridicule as admiration. Every pronounced style is easily open to parody, and travesties were not wanting in Berlioz's case.

His enormously clever *Symphonie Fantastique*, for instance—in which he represents an episode in the life of an artist who, being in the despair of love, dreams that he has murdered his loved one, and is being taken to the scaffold—displayed a hitherto unapproached resource of orchestral effect in the expression of emotions by means of instrumental combinations which were as daring as they were novel. Such a work naturally raised a storm of criticism, the bitterest part of which, to Berlioz, was, as always throughout his life, that the readiest recognition of his genius came not from his own countrymen but from abroad. "Paris, Paris!" was always his cry; "let Paris hear of my triumphs!" In the most brilliant of his subsequent honors in other countries this thought was always uppermost. But Paris was insensate; and it will always remain an artistic disgrace to the French that they wilfully ignored the presence among them of one of the most remarkable and original, if not one of the greatest, figures in music.

The courtship and marriage of Berlioz with Henrietta Smithson, the English Shakespearian actress, was very characteristic of him. Miss Smithson had come to Paris with a company of English actors, and, strangely enough, their interpretation of Shakespeare met with great sympathy, especially at the hands of the Parisian students. Berlioz first saw his future wife in the part of Ophelia. He was profoundly impressed by her personal charm, and still more by her power as an interpreter of an entirely new range of poetic emotion. "The effect of her prodigious talent, or rather of her dramatic genius, upon my heart and imagination," he says in his *Memoirs*, "is only comparable to the complete overturning which the poet, whose worthy interpreter she was, caused in me. Shakespeare thus coming on me suddenly, struck me as with a thunderbolt. His lightning opened the heaven of art to me with a sublime crash, and lighted up its farthest depths; I recognized what real dramatic grandeur, beauty and truth were. I measured at the same time the boundless inanity of our French notions of Shakespeare, and the pitiful poverty of our old poetry of pedagogues and ragged school teachers."

His identification of this beautiful girl with his poetic ideal kindled all the passion of his nature; and after many desperate shifts and days and nights of self-torture he succeeded in gaining her acquaintance, and at last made his love known to her. She would at first hardly credit the existence of this adoration at the hands of an unknown admirer, and Berlioz's vehemence rather frightened than attracted her. Her departure from Paris caused him a terrible access of

melancholy; but, to his great joy, when he returned from Rome he found Miss Smithson again in Paris, this time about to attempt the management of a theatre where English performances of Shakespeare should be the attraction. More ardently than ever he pressed his suit, and at last she yielded to his importunity and promised to be his wife.

The course of their courtship was, as any who knew Berlioz would expect, no placid one. He was alternately in the heights of happiness or the depths of despair, according as he seemed to deserve the smiles or frowns of his lady-love. The following letter was, no doubt, written in one of his most agitated moods, and the result of some lover's quarrel.

"To Miss Henrietta Smithson,

Rue de Rivoli, Hôtel du Congrès.

If you would not see me dead, in the name of pity—I dare not say of love—let me know when I can see you. I ask for mercy, pardon at your hands, on my knees and in tears! Miserable being that I am, I cannot believe that I deserve my present sufferings: but I bless the blows which come from your hands. I await your reply as I would the sentence of my judge.

H. BERLIOZ."

The prospect was not reassuring. Their respective families were resolutely opposed to the marriage, and Miss Smithson was beginning to realize disastrously that the apparent rage for Shakespeare had been nothing more than an ephemeral fancy of the fickle Parisians, and that she was rapidly losing all she had in the world. To add to her misfortunes, she fell as she was getting out of her carriage at the theatre door,

and fractured her ankle so seriously that it was evident a permanent lameness was inevitable.

At this crisis Berlioz, in a most chivalrous spirit, offered, though he had but little money himself, to pay her debts and marry her at once, which he did. "On the day of our marriage," he wrote, "she had nothing in the world but debts, and the fear of never again being able to appear to advantage on the stage. My property consisted of three hundred francs, borrowed from a friend, and a fresh quarrel with my parents. But she was mine, and I defied the world!" Poor Berlioz! The inevitable disillusionment came when, after a few years of infatuated happiness, he realized that his ideal was only a very human woman, fast becoming a fretful and imperious invalid, with little sympathy for his aspiration and little patience with his enthusiasm. He eventually separated from her; but to the last he shared with her his small income as generously as lay in his power, and for their son Louis he cherished the warmest affection. The latter entered the navy; and his loss at sea, when still a comparatively young man, was a terrible blow to his father and hastened his death.

His enemies having successfully prevented his appointment to a professorship at the Conservatoire, Berlioz was obliged to eke out the small sum his composition brought him by writing musical criticisms, and epigrammatic and trenchant articles upon musical matters, in which he satirized his enemies with no lenient hand! Full of the artist's desire to produce noble work, he was exasperated to the last degree at the necessity for occupying his time in such a manner as

this. "I would be willing to stand all day," he wrote, "baton in hand, training a chorus, singing their parts myself, and beating the measure till cramp seizes my arm; I would carry desks, double basses, harps; remove platforms, nail planks like a porter or a carpenter, and then spend the night in rectifying the errors of engravers or copyists. That I have done, do, and will do. That belongs to my musical life, and I would bear it, without thinking of it, as a hunter bears the thousand fatigues of the chase. But to scribble eternally for a livelihood——!"

The last thirty years of his life were a perpetual conflict. The neglect of his music in Paris—owing mainly to the cabals formed against him by his enemies and the bitterness with which they pursued him, but owing also to the insipidity of the prevalent French taste—kept him constantly on the verge of poverty; and to avoid that he was forced to give up a great part of his time to the hated "scribbling," whilst longing for the leisure to compose works worthy of his imagination.

At the same time, though his large works were few, they were unmistakably great. The *Symphonie Fantastique* already mentioned, the two symphonies, *Harold en Italie*, and *Romeo et Juliette*, and above all his "dramatic legend" *La Damnation de Faust* are examples of a genius of no common order. Berlioz thrice attempted opera in his mature years. In 1838 he produced an opera on the subject of *Benvenuto Cellini*; and, though it was disastrously received, Liszt, Paganini and Spontini believed in it, and encouraged Berlioz in spite of its fate. He made the attempt again, a few years

before his death, with *Les Troyens* and *Beatrice et Benedict*, but the result was no happier.

It was in purely orchestral music that he was master. His relation to the orchestra was that of a Paganini to the violin or a Liszt to the piano. His command of its resources was absolute, and, except by Wagner, unrivalled before or since. He seemed to have discovered hitherto unsuspected possibilities in the instruments themselves, and so to be able to produce surprising effects of orchestral color. The dramatic vividness of his music is at times startling; this, even though it occasionally betrayed him into exaggeration, was the result of a unique power of perceiving a connection (not altogether fanciful) between certain poetical emotions or dramatic situations and their corresponding forms of musical expression. Even where his strength seems most undisciplined, we may imagine him to have reveled in it in sheer despite of the apathy and suspicion with which his fellow-countrymen eyed his music.

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF BERLIOZ'S WORKS.

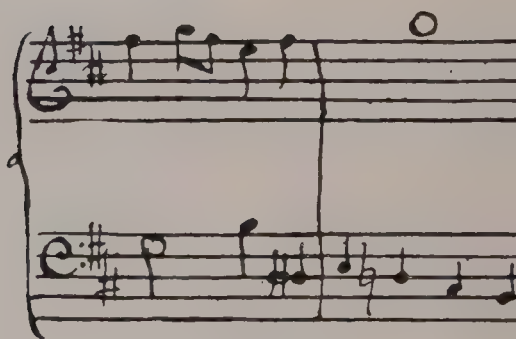
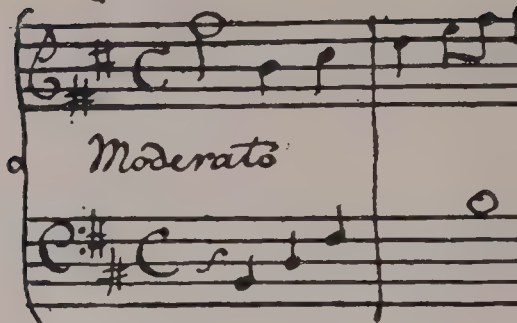
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- 1824-1830. Mass (1824); "Waverley" and "Francs Juges" Overtures (1827 or 1828); "Symphonie Fantastique" (1830). "Sardanapale" (1830), "Tempest" music (1830); Songs.
- 1831-1835. Overtures (including "King Lear," 1831); Lelio (1831-1832); Harold en Italie (1834); Songs (including "Les Nuits d'Ete," 1834); Romances.
- 1836-1845. Romances; Songs, "Benvenuto Cellini" (1835-1837); Requiem (1837); "Romeo et Juliette" (1838); Symphonie Funebre (1840).
- 1846-1865. Songs; "La Damnation de Faust" (1846); "La Fuite en Egypte" (1853); "L'Enfance de Christ" (1854); Te Deum (1855); "Les Troyens" (1856-1863); "Beatrice et Benedict" (1860-1862).
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Literary Works. — "Traite d'Instrumentation," 1844; "Voyage Musical en Allemagne et Italie," 1844; "Les Soirees de l'Orchestre," 1854; "Les Grotesques de la Musique," 1850; "A travers Chants: etudes musicales," 1862.



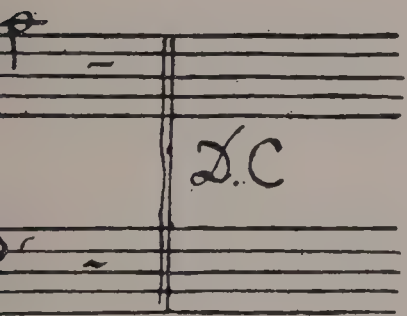
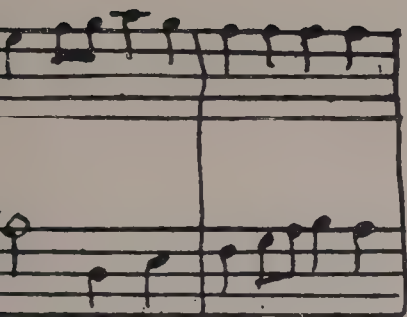
FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

Quartett?



London 7th Sept.

Facsimile from MS. of Mendelssohn preserved



John Bartholomew

(From the Album of Eliza Wesley.)

XI.—MENDELSSOHN (1809-1847).

The theory that hereditary genius skips a generation seems to find support in the case of the Mendelssohn family. Abraham Mendelssohn, the father of the composer, a successful banker and keen-witted man of the world, was possessed of no particular intellectual power. His father, on the other hand, was the philosopher Moses Mendelssohn, famous in his day; his son being the more famous composer, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. "Formerly I was my father's son; now I am my son's father," he used to say.

Felix was born at Hamburg in February, 1809. Though of Jewish descent he was, with his brother, baptized into the Lutheran community and educated as a Protestant. His father, after much hesitation, had embraced the Christian faith and at the same time, in accordance with German custom, taken an additional surname, that of Bartholdy.

With every inducement to idleness, Mendelssohn was all his life a very hard worker. He never felt the spur of poverty; but his passion for music was so real, and his faith in his favorite motto, "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," so strong, that he fully earned the title of genius, if only by his "infinite capacity for taking pains." Had he not

been a genius he would have been an exquisite *dilettante*. His essential characteristic was refinement, showing itself in a keen appreciation of beautiful scenery, in fondness for the company of witty persons, in the phenomenally neat condition of the MS. of his music. It is perhaps not too much to say, also, that the nature of the melody which prevades all his compositions reflects the beauty of character which was the secret of the fascination he exercised over all who knew him. Even though in his music this sweetness may sometimes verge upon effeminacy, it was not so with Mendelssohn himself. In him strength and mildness were combined in unusually happy proportions. With his wide sympathies, his love of everything beautiful, his full but modest sense of the responsibility that his powers brought with them, his ready wit, his vein of droll humor, his kindly but just nature—no man ever better realized Matthew Arnold's "sweet-reasonableness."

In his childhood Mendelssohn displayed almost as much musical precocity as Mozart, especially as a performer. Abundant animal spirits and an unconquerably happy disposition prevented him giving way to such exaggeration of seriousness as was sometimes the case with Mozart—though he, too, could be merry enough when the mood took him. Sir Julius Benedict narrates his first meeting with Mendelssohn, when the latter was in his eleventh year. Benedict was walking in Berlin with Weber, when a beautiful boy with brilliant eyes and long curling auburn hair ran up to Weber and greeted him most affectionately. Weber introduced him to Benedict as the young Mendelssohn, and the

three passed into Weber's house, where Mendelssohn amazed Benedict by his finished performance of various compositions, among which were several of his own. Then "five minutes afterwards he forgot Weber, quartettes and counterpoint, to leap over the garden hedges and climb the trees like a squirrel."

Another attractive account of Mendelssohn's boyhood is given by Ferdinand Hiller, whose master, Schmitt, brought the composer (then twelve years old) to Frankfort to see Hiller, who was then little more than a boy. "At the hour Schmitt had named for his visit, after waiting in the greatest impatience, I was rewarded by seeing my master appear. Behind him was a boy, only a little bigger than myself, who kept jumping up till he could get his hands on to Schmitt's shoulders, so as to hang on his back and be carried along for a few steps and then slip off again. . . Great was my astonishment when I saw the same wild boy enter the room in quite a dignified way and seeming to observe a certain formality of behavior. He impressed me even more than the account of his performance had done, and I could not help feeling a little shy during the whole of the visit."

The value of these reminiscences is greater in Mendelssohn's case than in many others, for he was singularly fortunate in preserving his boyish disposition all through his life, and it was, no doubt, this combination of gaiety, gentleness and dignity that constituted his charm.

In addition to the best musical instruction, his father gave him an admirable general education, to which Mendelssohn often afterwards gratefully referred as the means whereby

he had acquired his wide sympathies. His composition began in earnest about his tenth or eleventh year; before he was twenty he had written two symphonies, several songs, various pieces of chamber music, including his octette, and the ever delightful "Overture to a Midsummer Night's Dream."

With his twelfth year came one of the events of his life, in the shape of a visit to Goethe at Weimar. The old poet took a great fancy to this wonderful boy, whose varied character and unmistakable genius attracted him sympathetically. Mendelssohn's letters to his parents describing his day with Goethe, and the latter's subsequent letters to him, show how complete was the understanding, and how tender the affection between them.

In his early days as a composer, Mendelssohn was specially fortunate in being able to hear all his compositions performed, and that in an artistic manner; not at public concerts, but at weekly musical meetings held in his own home. The whole family were musical, and with the assistance of friends a small orchestra was easily collected. Felix conducted, standing upon a stool; one of his sisters played the piano, another sang when necessary, and his brother took a violoncello part. These performances came to be known and sought after by all the musical connoisseurs of Berlin, and Sebastian Hensel (Mendelssohn's brother-in-law) says that "all musicians of distinction passing through the city requested to be admitted to the entertainments."

The most remarkable feature in Mendelssohn's compositions, even at this early stage, was a restraint of style and

scrupulous respect for form. He had a wholesome dislike of any straining after effect, holding it to be in as bad taste as exaggeration in speaking. "I take music," he once wrote to Hiller, "in a very serious light, and I consider it quite inadmissible to compose anything I do not thoroughly feel. It is just as if I were to utter a falsehood, for notes have as distinct a meaning as words, perhaps even a more definite sense."

—After Felix had spent a short time in Paris, where the great musical lights of the day—Rossini, Hummel, Meyerbeer, Halevy, and others—were unanimous in admiration of his powers, his father removed with the family to Leipsic, where they were installed, late in the year 1825, in a delightful house standing in large grounds. In the midst of the latter, shaded by venerable trees, stood the "Gartenhaus," in which was a spacious hall which the Mendelssohns devoted to their weekly musical meetings. This "Garden House" became the centre of the artistic life of the family and their intimate friends, and it was rarely that any musician of note visited Leipsic without seeking the privilege of admission into this charmed circle. It was here that, in 1826, was first performed the exquisite "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture. The audience was rightly enthusiastic at the originality of the work, as well as at its combination of delicate fancy and severe restraint of style.

When he was twenty Mendelssohn paid his first visit to London, "the grandest and most complicated monster on the face of the earth," as he calls it in one of his letters. The result of his *début* before an English audience was most

gratifying, and his entry into the musical world, and society generally, was made with all possible success. Later in the same year he made a tour in the North of Scotland and the Hebrides, an outcome of which was his composition (in 1829) of the "Fingal's Cave" Overture. In a letter to his sister, headed "On one of the Hebrides, August 1st, 1829," he says: "In order to make you understand how extraordinarily the Hebrides affected me, the following came into my head there,"—then follows the short musical subject which he used as the principal theme for the overture in question.

In the following year Mendelssohn resumed his wanderings. After a short, and, as it proved, last visit to Goethe, he traveled into Italy and spent two years there, eventually finding his way back through Germany to London and to his old rooms at No. 103 Great Portland street. It is only possible fully to appreciate the pleasure received from his Italian experiences by reading his account of them in his letters. The unaffected gaiety, the keen perception and wit, the content springing from a healthy mind evident in every one of these letters, tell us more of Mendelssohn's self than pages of description. Lady Wallace has translated them with great tact, and no more delightful epistolary collection could be found. Everywhere Mendelssohn found matter for pleasure, and every scene was made memorable to him by his enthusiasm. Nor was he idle in regard to composition. The chief result of these two years, in addition to minor compositions, was a very effective musical setting of Goethe's *Walpurgis-Nacht*, brought into the form of a cantata.

From Milan he wrote, on July 14th, 1831: "My week here has been one of the most agreeable and amusing that I have passed in Italy; and how this could be the case in Milan, where I am such an utter stranger, I shall now proceed to relate. In the first place, I immediately secured a square piano, and attacked with *rabbia* that endless *Walpurgis-Nacht*, to finish the thing at last; and to-morrow morning it will be completed, except the overture, for as yet I have not quite made up my mind whether it shall be a grand symphony, or a short introduction breathing of Spring. I should like to take the opinion of some adept on this point. I must say the conclusion has turned out better than I myself expected. The hobgoblins, and the bearded Druid with the trombones sounding behind him, diverted me immensely, and so I passed two mornings very happily."

Again, from Rome, in his first week there: "When I come into the room early in the morning, and see the sun shining so brightly on the tablecloth (you see I have none of the poet in me!) I feel so cheerful and comfortable; for it is now late in the autumn, and who in our country looks at this season for warmth, or a bright sky, or grapes and flowers? After breakfast I set to work and play, sing and compose, till near noon. Then Rome in all her vast dimensions lies before me, like an interesting problem to enjoy; but I go deliberately to work, daily selecting some different historical object. . . . Each day is thus made memorable; and, as I take my time, each object becomes firmly and indelibly impressed on me. When I am occupied in the morning I am unwilling to leave off, and should like to continue my writing, but I say to my-

self that I must see the Vatican, and when I am actually there I equally dislike leaving it; thus each of my occupations causes me the most genuine pleasure and one enjoyment relieves another."

When Mendelssohn returned to London he met with a warm greeting from his many friends, and soon found himself in the thick of arrangements for concerts and recitals. This visit was short, but was signalized by the publication of the first book of *Lieder Ohne Worte*. He returned to Germany in 1833, in which year, after conducting with great success at the Lower Rhine Festival, he was offered, and accepted, the post of Musical Director at Dusseldorf. This he only held for two years, as at the end of that time he was invited to fill what was considered the highest post in the German musical world, that of Director of the famous concerts held in the Gewandhaus at Leipsic. Here Mendelssohn was in his element. Amongst congenial friends, with an excellent orchestra at his command and a sympathetic, though critical, audience, he could, and did, do much. He inspired the musicians with his own vigor and enthusiasm, and was rewarded by being able to present performances of the classical masterpieces—and of his own compositions as opportunity offered—which were allowed on all sides to fall little short of perfection.

In 1836 his oratorio of *St. Paul*, at which he had for a long time been steadily working, was produced at Dusseldorf with great success; and in the next year he laid the foundation of a happy home life by his marriage with the beautiful and highly cultured Cecile Jeanrenaud.

The result of his first attempt at oratorio led him to cast about for a suitable subject for a still more ambitious work of the same kind. For some time he was attracted by the history of St. Peter, but he ultimately gave up that idea in favor of the more picturesque story of Elijah, which seemed to offer better opportunity for effective musical treatment. "One evening I found Mendelssohn," writes Ferdinand Hiller, "deep in the Bible. 'Listen,' he said; and then he read to me, in a gentle and agitated voice, the passage from the First Book of Kings, beginning 'And behold! the Lord passed by!' 'Would not that be superb for an oratorio?' he exclaimed—and it did become part of *Elijah*."

At a festival held at Leipsic in the summer of 1840 to commemorate the invention of printing, Mendelssohn conducted for the first time his "Hymn of Praise," which he had specially composed for the occasion. The fame of this beautiful work spread so rapidly that he received a pressing invitation to conduct it at the Birmingham Festival in the autumn of the same year, and there it aroused as much enthusiasm as it had done in Leipsic.

The next five years were occupied by various visits to London, the diligent promotion of a scheme for the establishment of a musical "Conservatorium" in Leipsic, the completion of *Elijah*, and the composition of much orchestral and pianoforte music of various descriptions. On one of his London visits he was most graciously received at Buckingham Palace by the Queen and the Prince Consort. He describes in a letter how the Royal pair received him alone in the sitting-room of the Queen, who, as he entered, apologized

for the "most admired disorder" in which he found the room, and commenced, assisted by the composer, to rearrange the scattered articles. After carrying into an adjoining room some parrots which were creating a disturbance, the Queen requested Mendelssohn to play, and listened delightedly to him for a long time. Then she sang some of his songs, which she had recently sung at a Court concert held soon after an attempt made upon her life. She was not quite satisfied, however, with her own performance, and said laughingly to Mendelssohn, "I can do better—ask Lablache if I cannot; but I am afraid of you!"

Elijah was produced at Birmingham, under Mendelssohn's direction, in August, 1846. "It would be impossible," says one who was present on the occasion, "to describe the enthusiasm with which it was received. . . . Artists and audience vied with each other in their endeavor to increase the roar of applause which, at the close of the first and the second parts, was simply deafening; and, when all was over, those who had taken part in the proceedings rushed madly forward in the hope of exchanging a word with the hero of the day, who heartily grasped every hand that came within his reach, and thanked all present for their share in the performance with which he was so deeply gratified."

Mendelssohn's favorite maxim being that everything that he did must be done as perfectly as lay in his power, it was characteristic of him and of his artistic instinct that, in spite of the unqualified praise with which *Elijah* had been received, he set to work at once to revise the work in several particulars in which he felt that its execution fell short of his

ideal. The revised oratorio was performed four times during the following spring. At one of these performances the Queen and the Prince Consort were present, and the Prince afterwards sent to Mendelssohn his programme, on which he had written an inscription in which Mendelssohn's adherence to the true principles of his art was compared to the attitude of the prophet as contrasted with that of the Priests of Baal.

Unfortunately the strain of these and other performances in England produced a grave result on the composer's already failing health, and, as he was on his way home to Leipsic, weak and ill, he was met suddenly by the news of the death of his sister Fanny, to whom he was bound by no ordinary ties of sympathy and affection. The blow proved fatal to him. With a cry of pain he fell fainting, and from the prostration that followed he never recovered. At times he seemed to regain some of his old spirit; but one attack of illness followed another, until on November 4th, 1847, he died at his home in Leipsic, surrounded by those who felt that in him they lost one of whom it was no idle phrase to say that his place could never be filled.

The conscientiousness of Mendelssohn's work is not its least valuable characteristic. He was in the best sense an epicure in all that he did. Sufficient example of this is to be found in his compositions, where his facility was never allowed to lead him into disregard of the canons of form. There was beauty in everything he wrote; and though opinions may vary as to the emotional qualities of his music or the value of his orchestral writing, *Elijah* and *St. Paul* remain as two noble works, sufficient in themselves to create an

undying reputation, while the *Lieder Ohne Worte* constitute perhaps the most masterly collection of light pianoforte music in existence.

His culture was wide and varied. He was a draughtsman of no mean skill; and, in addition to his arduous musical duties and industry in composition, found time to attend to a very extensive correspondence and to keep abreast with the current topics of the day. As has been already said, the best portrait of Mendelssohn is to be found in his letters. To read them is to make acquaintance with him. Eminently sociable, he made friends wherever he went; and how he valued friendship is shown by one of his letters, in which he speaks of the esteem of others as "certainly the best thing that one has." "When I am thoroughly dissatisfied with myself," he says, "I think of such and such a person who has shown himself a friend to me, and say to myself, 'You can't be in such a bad way after all, if such men are fond of you.'"

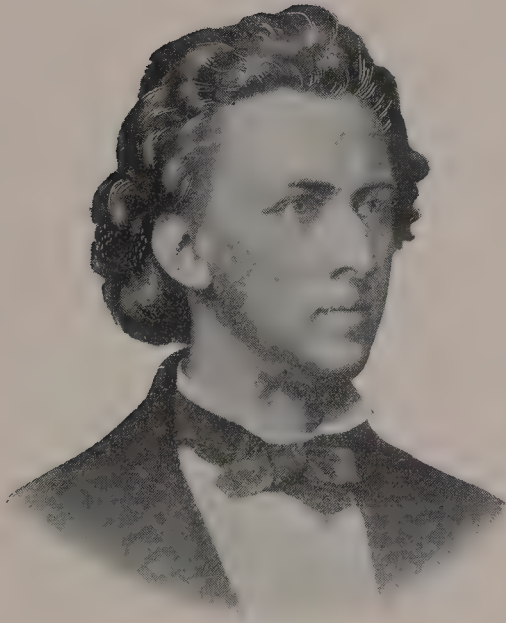
CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF MENDELSSOHN'S WORKS.

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- 1822-1830. "Die Hochzeit des Camacho," 1824; "First Symphony," 1824; "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture, 1820; "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage" Overture, 1828; "Fingal's Cave" Overture, 1829; "Reformation" Symphony, 1829; Chamber Music; Songs; Pianoforte Pieces (including six "Leider ohne Worte," and "Rondo Capriccioso").
- 1831-35. "Walpurgis Nacht" (first version) 1831-1832; first Pianoforte Concerto, 1831; "Melusine" Overture, 1833; "Italian" Symphony, 1833; Songs, Pianoforte Pieces (including six "Lieder ohne Worte".)
- 1836-1840. "St. Paul," 1836; Second Pianoforte Concerto, 1837; "Ruy Blas" Overture, 1830; "Lobgesang," 1840; Chamber Music, Songs, Pianoforte Pieces (including six "Lieder ohne Worte").
- 1841-1847. "Antigone" Music, 1841; "Scotch" Symphony, 1843; "Walpurgis Nacht" (second version), 1843; "Midsummer Night's Dream" Music, 1843; Organ Sonatas, 1844-1845; "Athalie Music," 1844-1845; "Œdipus" Music, 1845; "Elijah," 1847; Chamber Music, Songs, Pianoforte Pieces (including thirty "Lieder ohne Worte").

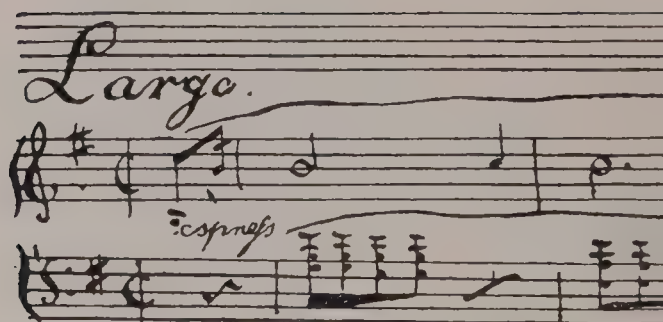
XII.—CHOPIN (1809-1849).

So closely is Chopin's personality bound up with his work that it is impossible, without a certain familiarity with his music, to have any intimate knowledge of the composer himself. Only in his compositions does he relax a habit of restraint induced by a repugnance to any extreme of emotion, which in its turn was the result of an inherited delicacy of constitution. Not that he was altogether the life-long invalid depicted by Liszt or George Sand; he was never robust, but it was not until the last ten years of his life that disease gained an irrevocable hold on him, and then its course was accelerated by the nervous excitement of the artistic life in Paris. As a young man he appears to have been always ready to take his share in any fun that was toward; and his physical strength was at any rate sufficient to enable him to stand long journeys in German stage coaches—a mode of traveling scarcely possible to a confirmed invalid.

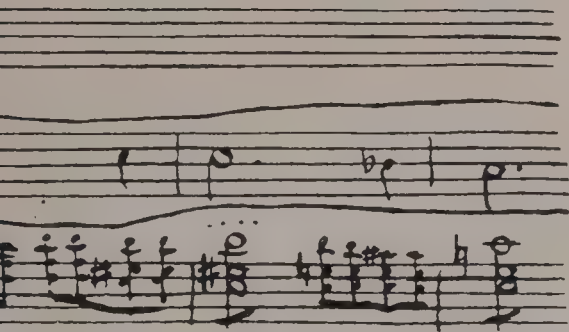
Chopin's real delicacy lay in his nervous organization. There his nature was so highly strung that he carried sensitiveness and refinement almost to a fault. Anything that jarred upon his fine temperament caused him positive pain; and it was no doubt the instinctive avoidance of any such



FREDERICK CHOPIN.



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b. 28, No. 4.)

possibility that led him into a reserve of manner through which he rarely broke.

To us Chopin is inseparable from his music, which constitutes one of the most interesting psychological portraits in existence. His life was almost without incident, the result of his delicacy and his constant retirement; only in his music does he seem to live fully. To say that his compositions were spontaneous is as if one were to say that the beauty or the perfume of the flower is spontaneous; the outcome of the organization was as inevitable in the one case as it is in the other. His music being a revelation of himself, he could not have written otherwise than he did; and moreover, being endowed with an exquisite sense of fitness, he never allowed his compositions to become mere undisciplined emotional utterances, but with patient skill and an artistic avoidance of anything that could lead to commonplace or vulgarity, fashioned them into a symmetry and expressive beauty rarely equalled and never excelled in the range of pianoforte music.

To be emotional without being sensational, to be sad without morbidity, to use familiar forms of expression without descending to the commonplace, to invent new forms without being betrayed into extravagance—this requires a genius of no usual order. In his poetic sketch of Chopin as a composer, Liszt says of his work: "In it we meet with beauties of the highest kind, expressions entirely new and harmonic material as original as it is thoughtful. In his compositions boldness is always justified; richness, often exuberance, never interferes with clearness; singularity never degenerates into the uncouth and fantastic; the sculpturing is never dis-

ordered; the luxury of ornament never overloads the chaste tenderness of the principal lines. . . . Daring, brilliant and attractive, they disguise their profundity under so much grace, their science under so many charms, that it is with difficulty we free ourselves sufficiently from their magical enthrallment to judge coldly of their theoretical value."

FREDERICK CHOPIN was born on March 1st, 1809, at Zelazowa Wola, near Warsaw, to which city his father removed soon after Frederick's birth. The elder Chopin was a man of small means; but by hard work in a boarding school which he started at Warsaw he managed to get together sufficient money to enable Frederick to have lessons in music; for the future composer's taste in that direction became early manifest.

Chopin's musical *début* was made when he was nine years old. On this occasion he played in public a concerto by a fellow-countryman, and also improvised, greatly to the satisfaction of his audience. For the performance he had been arrayed in fine new clothes with an elaborate lace collar, which mightily pleased him. On his return from the concert his mother asked him what the people had liked best. "Oh, mamma," he exclaimed, "everyone was looking at my collar!" His boyhood passed happily, he, sometimes merry, sometimes moody and abstracted, absorbing eagerly all the musical instruction he could get, and already attempting to compose. When he was quite a little fellow he would sit and play out his thoughts upon the piano, while his master indulged him by writing down what he played; after which the boy would, with great pains, go through the composition,

altering here and there, and exerting all his powers, even at this early age, to make his work as artistic as he possibly could. At times, we are told, he would wander about silent and solitary, wrapped in his musical meditations. He would sit up late, if he were allowed, busy with his music; and often after lying down would jump out of his bed to strike a few chords or try a short phrase on the piano—to the horror of the servants, whose first thought was of ghosts, the second that their dear young master was not right in his mind.

When he was nineteen he went, already a finished pianist, to Berlin, where he found, in the various musical libraries and collections, an inexhaustible fund of interest. He appeared several times in public during the year, and made a great impression by the poetic quality and unconventional style of his playing.

From his twentieth to his twenty-second year Chopin was a rover, visiting Vienna, Prague, Dresden, Breslau, Warsaw, and other cities; everywhere charming his hearers by his playing, and composing fitfully when the mood took him. Finally, in 1831, he traveled to Paris, nominally on his way to England. The attraction of Paris, however, and its musical life were stronger than any inclination to go farther, and for the rest of his life it was his headquarters. "I am passing through Paris!" he would jestingly say, when asked of his intended movements. It was about this time that some of his compositions were first published, and his fame was further assisted by an exceedingly discriminating review written of one of his compositions by Schumann, who may be said to have "discovered" Chopin to the world with the same pro-

phetic insight that enabled him in subsequent years to be the first to recognize the genius of Brahms.

For five or six years he spent a retired life in Paris, composing now more regularly, and performing at concerts on rare occasions. His unrivaled position as a public performer no doubt gratified him, but his fastidiousness and dread of possible non-appreciation made him shrink more and more from appearing in public. "I am unsuited for concert-giving," he said to Liszt; "the public intimidate me, their breath stifles me." He would take but few pupils, being unwilling to teach except where he could be sure of a complete sympathy and exceptional ability in performance.

In this repugnance to a cheap notoriety, Chopin's instinct was right. His music, the most emotional and poetic of any, can only be appreciated where it evokes sympathy; and this it can only do in natures which have a quick perceptiveness and that species of refinement which constitutes musical tact. Fortunately there were in Paris musicians to recognize this, for only so could he maintain in the musical world that curiously aristocratic attitude which, as it chanced, brought him nothing but praise and admiration. Much was written of him and of his music in the French musical journals of this period. "It is only rarely," wrote Liszt in the *Gazette Musicale*, "at very distant intervals, that Chopin plays in public; but what would have been for anyone else an almost certain cause of oblivion is precisely what has assured him a fame above the caprices of fashion and kept him from rivalries, jealousies and injustice. . . . Moreover, this exquisite, altogether lofty and eminently aristocratic position has re-

mained unattacked. A complete silence of criticism already reigns round it, as if posterity were come."

Chopin's playing has been compared to the conversation of one accustomed to the society of clever people, in that it was never marred by exaggeration or over-accentuation. Performing his works, as he always did, practically for himself and not for the audience, it was impossible for one of his temperament to vulgarize his style in order to compel attention. Consequently, unless he could be sure of at once establishing a sympathetic communication with his audience, it was useless for him to play. "When you do not at the outset gain your public," he once said to Liszt, "you have to force, to assault, to overwhelm, to conquer them. That I cannot do."

Liszt describes Chopin as of middle height, slim, with flexible limbs which appeared almost fragile; delicately-shaped hands and very small feet; and oval face of pale, transparent complexion, crowned with long silky hair of light chestnut color; tender, dreamy brown eyes, which lit up strangely when he spoke; a finely cut aquiline nose; a sweet smile and graceful gestures; a soft and usually subdued voice, and a general distinction of manner which caused him involuntarily to be treated *en prince*. The nature of his personal charm is felicitously told by George Sand. "The delicacy of his constitution," she says, "rendered him interesting in the eyes of women. The full yet graceful cultivation of his mind, the sweet and captivating originality of his conversation, gained for him the attention of the cleverest men; while the less highly cultivated liked him for the exquisite

courtesy of his manner." Moscheles said of Chopin's personal appearance that it was "identified" (*identificirt*) with his music.

From 1836 to 1847 lasted the great incident of Chopin's life, his connection with Madame Dudevant, or "George Sand," to use her famous *nom-de-plume*. This strange woman—with her ultra-masculine horror of the usual forms and conventions of society, her blind craving for an impossible social ideal, her quick, imperious mind—seemed to find the necessary complement to her character in the almost feminine nature of Chopin. It is no meaningless phrase to say that in her Chopin found at once the blessing and the curse of his life. While their love lasted she surrounded him with every care and attention, especially at the time when his fatal illness began unmistakably to assert itself. But it seemed as though the vigor of her nature was too powerful for that of Chopin; or rather as if the intensity of the love she evoked from him consumed his being in spite of himself. It cannot be denied that to her, the first intoxication of affection once over, this episode was no more than an experience like many others. "This many-sided woman," as one biographer writes of her, "at this point of her development found in the fragile Chopin a phase of her nature which had never been expressed, and he was sacrificed to the demands of an insatiable originality which tried all things in turn, to be contented with nothing but an ideal which could never be attained."

How completely any true sympathy which she had felt for Chopin vanished after the rupture of their connection, can

be clearly traced from the portraits she gives of him in her later writings; notably in one of her novels, a character in which is obviously intended as a reproduction of Chopin, portraying him as a tiresome, invalided sentimentalist, which he was not. Once she realized that this was but another disappointment in her restless search for her ideal, George Sand regarded Chopin merely as a psychological specimen to be studied. Her love for him had been an infatuation, which, though violent, was not lasting, for it was based on purely self-regarding feelings. With the perverted instinct of the individualist, the sole end of life to her was what she chose to conceive as her own development. Chopin's love was to aid this; it failed in realizing her extravagant expectations, and was dropped—almost with the scientific indifference of a chemist who throws aside even a valuable ingredient if it has disappointed his expectations in some absorbing experiment.

Chopin, on the other hand, gave his whole life to this love, which was to him a deep reality. As long as it was returned, the femininity of his character found support in the stronger nature of George Sand; and had she been as sincere as he, the two might have completed one another's lives in an unequaled manner. He did not long survive the blow which the rupture caused him. During the last two years of his life he paid a visit to London—where he gave one or two concerts, and was received with the greatest admiration—and also made a short journey into Scotland. But his spirit was broken, and his failing health rapidly giving way before the terrible progress of consumption.

He returned to Paris, in 1849, to receive a fresh shock from the news of his father's death. He became weaker and weaker, with difficulty able to get about and unable to play in public or to compose. "It was a painful spectacle to see our beloved Chopin at that time," writes one of his pupils; "he was the picture of exhaustion—the back bent, the head bowed forward—but always kindly and full of distinction." By the time the autumn came it was evident that the end could not be far off, and at last, after weeks of struggle, he died quietly and painlessly, surrounded by his friends, early on the morning of October 17, 1849.

As one could expect from a genius of so peculiar a temperament, Chopin confessed that he was to such an extent identified with his own music that he could feel very little real delight in that of other composers, except in the rare cases where it was perfectly sympathetic to him. Mozart held the first place in his affections, and, next to him, Bach. Of Beethoven he had no thorough appreciation, and Mendelssohn's music he disliked intensely.

If one may be permitted the somewhat fantastic idea of a sex in music, that of Chopin may be taken to represent the feminine, and this in no derogatory sense. The distinction is one rather to be felt than expressed, but anyone familiar with music can appreciate it. It has often been remarked that after a course of Chopin one feels an irresistible attraction to purely formal music, such as that of Bach; and it is interesting to note that Chopin himself felt this to a certain extent. He seems to have recognized that his music was a passionate exposition of one phase of life, and that after exclusive de-

votion to this one side of human nature the introduction of an opposing element was necessary to balance the extreme ideality of his disposition. And so, before playing in public, it was his habit never to practice his own compositions, but for a fortnight before the concert to shut himself up in his room during the greater part of the day and play nothing but Bach.

From the musician's point of view Chopin's devotion to Bach was most fortunate. It was his appreciation of the symmetry of that master's compositions that helped him to keep always before him the necessity of basing his own poetic fancies, even in their freest flights, upon a strict regard for form. There is no surer sign of decadence in an art than to allow the love of color or ornament to obscure the sense of form; and it is characteristic of Chopin's refinement that his music, so original in its inspirations, so fanciful and elaborate in its ornamentation, never becomes formless. Its "femininity" was no doubt the secret of the extraordinary influence he exerted over women, and of his keen sympathy with everything that concerned them; but it never would have compelled, as it did, the instant admiration of musicians of every shade of sensibility, had it not possessed the far higher quality of absolute conformity to artistic good taste.

With regard to Chopin's music no error—as has been remarked by his latest and best biographer, Frederick Niecks—is more widespread than the idea that it universally represents the languor and melancholy which is supposed to be the characteristic of the composer, and consequently to lack variety. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Chopin's

music constituting his autobiography, it is inevitable that there should be a vein of sadness underlying its various moods; but sadness is not necessarily melancholy. In the courtly grace or impetuous vigor of his Polonaises, the coquettish witchery of his Mazurkas and Waltzes, the tender beauty of his Ballads, Nocturnes, and Impromptus, the kaleidoscopic brilliancy of his Studies, Preludes and Scherzos, Chopin accomplished the apotheosis of the national music and national spirit of his beloved Poland; and inasmuch as his music not only represents this strong national instinct, but is also the record of the changing emotions of a sensitive nature, any who can appreciate Chopin's work will easily disprove to themselves the charge of a want of variety.

This double nature of Chopin's music is cleverly discriminated by Niecks in a chapter in which he deals with its qualities as an expression of its composer's inner life. The passage demands quotation. "We have to distinguish in Chopin," he says, "the personal and the national tone-poet, the singer of his own joys and sorrows and that of his country's. But, while distinguishing these two aspects, we must take care not to regard them as two separate things. They were a duality, the constitutive forces of which alternately assumed supremacy. The national poet at no time absorbed the personal, the personal poet at no time disowned the national. His imagination was always ready to conjure up his native atmosphere—nay, we may even say that, wherever he might be, he lived in it. The scene of his dreams and visions lay oftenest in the land of his birth. And what did the national poet see and dream there? A past, present and future

which never existed and never will exist—a Poland and a Polish people glorified. . . . No other poet has, like Chopin, embodied in art the romance of the land and people of Poland. And, also, no other poet has, like him, embodied in art the romance of his own existence. But, whereas as a national poet he was a flattering idealist, as a personal poet he was an uncompromising realist.”

Chopin's works can, fortunately, never become “popular;” for a perfect interpretation of them is the hardest task a performer can set himself. That requires—apart from the question of technique—unerring taste and a quick sympathy which perceives that to vulgarize them is an outrage equivalent to the wilful distortion of a man's most sacred and most intimate feelings.

For Chopin lays his soul bare in his work. He was, as Balzac truly said of him, less a musician than *un âme qui se rend sensible*.

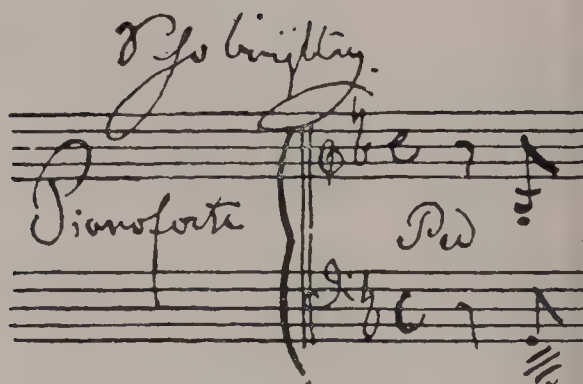
CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF
CHOPIN'S WORKS.

- 1825-1835. Rondeau, Op. 1, 1825; Mazurkas, Valses, Nocturnes, Etudes, Op. 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 15, 17, 18, 24, 67; Polonaise, Op. 3, 1833; Pianoforte Concerto, Op. 11, 1833; Fantaisie Impromptu, Op. 66, 1834; Scherzo, Op. 20, 1835.
- 1836-1840. Second Pf. Concerto, Op. 21, 1836; Ballades, Etudes, Polonaises, Nocturnes, Impromptus, Sonatas, Mazurkas, Preludes, Valses, Op. 22-42.
- 1841-1845. Tarantelle, Op. 43, 1841; Allegro de Concert, Op. 46, 1842; Polonaises, Preludes, Ballades, Nocturnes, Mazurkas, Berceuse, Sonatas, Op. 44-58.
- 1846-1849. Pf. and 'Cello Sonata, Op. 65, 1847; Mazurkas, Barcarolle, Polonaises, Nocturnes, Valses, Op. 59-65.

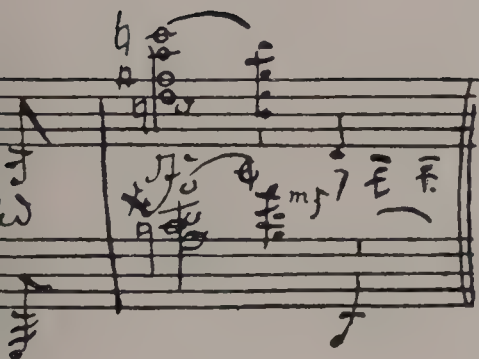


ROBERT ALEXANDER SCHUMANN.

No. 2.



Facsimile from MS. of S
(March)



British Museum.

XIII.—SCHUMANN (1810-1856).

In a letter written, at the age of twenty, to his mother, Schumann describes his life as having been so far "a twenty years' war between prose and poetry." The poetry we may take to have been supplied spontaneously by his own personality, the prose to have been partly forced upon him by circumstances and partly inherited from his parents. Except for a strain of truly Teutonic sentimentality, his mother appears to have been a completely commonplace person; his father, a prosperous bookseller, was a man of some culture, not without an appreciation of music, but with no ability in that direction and a greater leaning toward the drier paths of literature.

ROBERT ALEXANDER SCHUMANN, fifth son of the family, was born at Zwickau in Saxony on 10th June, 1810. The first eighteen years of his life were spent at home. He was given a good general education, and an unrestricted browsing on the pasturage of his father's store of books imbued him with a strong taste for poetry and transcendental ethics in general, and a fervid admiration for Jean Paul Richter's works in particular. At the same time his musical predilections very early made themselves evident. He began to play

the piano when six years old, and very little later found one of his chief delights in the management of amateur musical performances, at which his earliest efforts in composition met with a ready hearing. His father sympathized with his tastes, and gave them all the encouragement in his power. It was even proposed that he should have musical instruction from Weber, then Capellmeister at Dresden, but the arrangement in some way fell through. He enjoyed, however, a fairly adequate musical training at Zwickau, and, had his father's life been prolonged, the young musician's course of instruction would probably have been uninterrupted.

As it was, his father's death in 1826 was the signal for the temporary abandonment of all such plans. His mother was determined that he should be a lawyer; and, feeling now the necessity of making his own way in the world, Schumann dutifully acquiesced, and in 1828 matriculated at Leipsic University as a law student.

Steady application to legal studies proved, it must be confessed, impossible to one of his temperament. He had not been long at Leipsic before he wrote to a friend that he was "not attending a single lecture," but was playing the piano a great deal and writing poetry. The coarseness of much of the student life was even less congenial to him than his studies, but he found some compensation in the friendship of the composer Marschner and Friedrich Wieck, another musician. Wieck (the father of Schumann's future wife) gave him lessons on the piano, and between them they got together a little *coterie* of musical spirits, who met periodically for the performance of chamber music. Clara Wieck, though

then barely ten years old, took part in these with such success as to warrant her appearing in public soon afterwards. Bach and Schubert were Schumann's twin musical divinities at this time, and the death of the latter was very keenly felt by him.

His mother, however, by no means approved of this neglect of the Law, and suggested that he should remove to Heidelberg University, that being considered a better field for legal studies. His innate lack of determination caused Schumann to acquiesce quietly in this proposal; and to Heidelberg he went in 1829, nominally to study Law, but with a secret determination to seize any opportunity for a musical career that might present itself. He was improving rapidly as an executant, so much so that he appeared on one occasion in public while still a student, playing some *Variations* by Moscheles with considerable success.

At Heidelberg he dutifully remained for over a year, but a legal career was becoming more and more impossible to him. His time there was very happily spent, in spite of endless debts and difficulties. He played the piano a great deal, composed a little—a *Polonaise* and some of the "*Papillons*" dating from this period—and in some way or other managed to make a trip into Italy, where he heard Paganini. His study of the technique of the piano was unremitting, his idea being that he would make a name for himself as a performer rather than a composer, for of his inventive powers he was very diffident. Even on his travels he was in the habit of taking a dumb keyboard with him, for purposes of practice.

The year 1830 was momentous for him, for it decided his career. He had at last made a desperate effort to interest himself in Law, but was so overcome by distaste for it that he resolved to endeavor to induce his mother to consent to his definitely giving it up. She was loth to do so, but eventually agreed to leave the decision of the question to Wieck, who decided for music, but warned Schumann that six years' hard work would be necessary before he would be able to enter the musical lists as a pianist. Accordingly for two years Schumann studied with him at Leipsic; but after that time, being dissatisfied with his progress, he returned to Zwickau, and secretly pursued a plan of study of his own, with disastrous results as far as his becoming a pianist was concerned. Objecting to the natural weakness of the third finger, he used to suspend it in a strained position by means of a string fastened above his head, while he practiced assiduously with the others; his idea being to gain by this extraordinary means an equality of touch in the rest of the hand. The natural result was that the finger was lamed and his right hand practically crippled.

To this incident, however lamentable to him at the time—for it put an end to his prospects as a pianist—music probably owes a great deal; for it was the means of his devoting himself heart and soul to the theoretical branch of his art, which he had previously disliked and almost despised. His fame was to be made as a composer, and he set to work in good earnest. The “*Papillons*” begun in the previous year were completed in 1833; in the same year a concert was given by Clara Wieck at Zwickau, at which part of a Sym-

phony of his (which has never been published) was performed. In March of this year he returned to Leipsic. There he lived on his means, which were small, but sufficient, and led a quiet life in the midst of a little circle of musical friends, hearing music and composing. His retiring habits, his morbid love of solitude, his silent and abstracted bearing even among convivial friends, seem to mark a first indication of the trouble that was eventually to overwhelm him. In the autumn of 1833 he suffered from a terrible attack of mental excitement, induced by the news of the death of a sister-in-law to whom he was greatly attached, and is even said to have endeavored to put an end to his life.

The gloom fortunately passed off, and in the following year we find him busy, with two or three other friends, projecting a new musical periodical which was to revolutionize musical criticism. Such a proceeding was indeed needed, fulsome adulation or bitter invective being the only forms of comment adopted in the Press of the time. German music at this juncture did not reach a very high standard; and the prevailing undiluted admiration for mediocre work, and contempt for anything new, inspired Schumann and his fellow-enthusiasts with the idea of a criticism that should purify the national taste and direct its attention into worthy channels.

So, on 3rd April, 1834, the first number of the "*Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*" was published. The chief contributors to this were Schumann, Carl Bauch, Julius Knorr, Clara Wieck, Henriette Voigt, Ernestine von Fricken and Ludwig Schunke. All these friends of his (with others that included Chopin and Berlioz) Schumann honored with inclusion in

the fold of a certain mysterious community called the "Davidsbünd," which had no existence outside of his imagination. The "Davidsbündler," known to him by fantastic names with which the headings to the various sections of his "Carnaval" have made us familiar, were supposed to be banded together to do battle against the forces of Philistinism in music. The "Neue Zeitschrift" was a great success, and became a power in the domain of musical criticism. Schumann—whose contributions to it included noteworthy articles on the works of Mendelssohn, Chopin, Henselt, Gade, Sterndale Bennett, Franz, and Brahms—edited it for ten years. After July, 1844, he only wrote criticism occasionally, almost the last of his essays dealing appropriately (and prophetically) with the new and unknown genius of Johannes Brahms, of whom he wrote to Joachim, in answer to a letter from the latter introducing the young composer, that he was "Der, der kommen musste"—"the man for whom the time was waiting."

The five years that followed this new departure were very prolific. The "Carnaval," "Études Symphoniques," "Davidsbündlertänze," "Novelletten," "Kreisleriana," "Kinderscenen," "Humoreske," "Romanzen," and "Faschingschwank aus Wien," all belong to a period during which he wrote (in 1839) to a friend: "I used to rack my brains for a long time when composing. Now I scarcely ever scratch out a note. It all comes from within, and I often feel as if I could go on playing without ever coming to an end." His compositions were well received by musical experts, but coldly by the general public, who found them "eccentric." One of the

leading critics of the time spoke of them as "pretty and interesting little pieces, wanting in the necessary solidity, but otherwise worthy of notice." This period is also marked by the beginning of a close intimacy with Mendelssohn, for whose work Schumann had the highest admiration.

Meanwhile Schumann had fallen deeply in love with the accomplished Clara Wieck, whose father, though not forbidding his suit, refused to encourage it in the uncertain condition of the young composer's means of income. The latter paid a visit to Vienna in 1838 in hopes of establishing his paper there, as no musical paper of the kind existed in that city; but though the Viennese were notorious lovers of music, they refused to take the art seriously, and his project failed completely. He returned to Zwickau the following year, and thence to Leipsic.

His assaults upon the obduracy of his beloved Clara's father eventually took the somewhat unusual form of a lawsuit, the upshot of which was that Wieck's objections to their union were declared to be frivolous and baseless; and on the 12th September, 1840, the pair were married. There had been in the meanwhile, on Sterndale Bennett's suggestion, some talk of Schumann's visiting England; but the step was never taken.

The four or five years that succeeded his marriage were full of quiet happiness for him, and comprise much of his best work. The peaceful routine was only broken by concert tours undertaken with his wife in Austria, Bohemia and Russia. The year 1840 saw his first serious efforts in vocal composition. Of this he wrote to a friend: "I can hardly ex-

press how delightful I find it to write for the voice as compared with instrumental composition, and what an inward stir I feel as I sit down to it. I have produced something quite new in this line." In 1841 he wrote his first Symphony; in 1842 the best of his chamber music; and in 1843 his "Paradise and the Peri," his first attempt in concerted vocal music. In 1844 another abortive scheme of a visit to England was formed; and in the same year he began his "Faust" music, but was forced by ill health to abandon it for a time.

In that year he deserted Leipsic for Dresden, his condition of health necessitating his giving up his post in the Leipsic "Conservatorium" and removing to a city where he could lead a less active life as far as musical performances were concerned. He lived in Dresden for six years, the first three of which were passed in the strictest seclusion. By the end of 1847 his health had improved, and he was able to enjoy the society of a circle of friends that included Hiller, Weber and Wagner (then Capellmeister at Dresden). The concert tours were resumed; 1848 saw the production of his "Faust" music, 1849 the composition of a number of smaller works, and 1850 the performance of his opera "Genoveva."

His friend Hiller having given up the position of Capellmeister at Düsseldorf in favor of a similar appointment at Cologne, Schumann accepted the vacant post at Düsseldorf, and removed thither in September, 1850. His nervous affections unfortunately asserted themselves once more; his irritability and incapability of concentration increased, until it became evident that his powers were not equal to the demand made upon them in his new capacity; his finished works were

coldly received; others were begun and dropped before he could complete them. Eventually, after his last concert tour in 1853, his mental condition became very grave. In the following year, in an attack of melancholy, he made an attempt to drown himself; and the last two years of the life of this brilliant genius were spent in a private asylum near Bonn, where he died on 29th July, 1856.

In personal appearance Schumann is described as "of moderately tall stature, well-built and of a dignified and pleasant aspect." His dreamy and abstracted expression would kindle into animation at a word of sympathy, but he lived, at all events until his marriage, in a world of his own as far as concerned his ideas and aspirations. One of the most curious and apparently contradictory traits recorded of him is that he would often compose in the midst of the merriest and most uproarious company, sitting apart wrapped in his own thoughts, but acknowledging by a smile or a look any sentiment which awoke his quick sympathies.

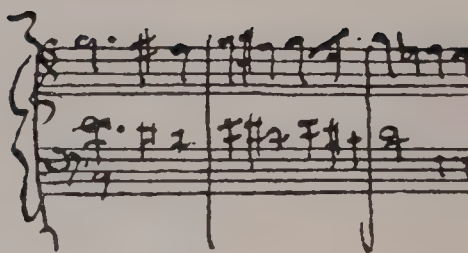
As a writer of song he stands second only to Schubert; as a composer for the pianoforte his fancy ranks with that of the greatest of his fellows in the art.

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF
SCHUMANN'S WORKS.

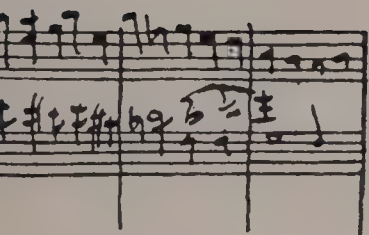
1829. [Pf. Quartette; Songs; Polonaises: *all unpublished.*]
- 1830-1835. Pf. Pieces (Papillons, 1831; Intermezzi, Albumblätter, 1832; Etudes Symphoniques, 1834; Carnaval, Albumblätter, Sonatas, 1835); Symphony in G minor, 1835. "Neue Zeitschrift" first published, 1834.
- 1836-1840. Pf. Fantasia, Sonata in F minor, Bunte Blätter, 1836; Fantasiestücke, Davidsbündler, 1837; Kinderscenen, Kreisleriana Novelletten, 1838; Arabesque, Humoureske, Nachtstücke, Faschingsschwank, Romances, 1839; Songs and Ballads, 1840.
- 1841-1845. Symphonies in B flat and D minor, 1841; Chamber Music (including Pf. Quartette and Quintette), 1842; "Paradise and the Peri, 1843; part of "Faust" Music, 1844; Pf. Concerto, Organ Fugues, 1845.
- 1846-1850. Symphony in C, Songs, 1856; two Pf. Trios, part of "Faust" Music, Songs, 1847; "Genoveva," "Manfred" Music, Pf. Pieces (including part of Waldscenen), 1848; "Faust" Music completed, part of Waldscenen, Songs, Chamber Music, Ballads, 1849; Songs, "Rhenish" Symphony, 1850.
- 1851-1853. Pf. Pieces, Songs, Symphony in D minor, Chamber Music, 1851; Songs, Mass, Requiem, 1852; Pf. Pieces, Ballads, Concert Allegro, Festival Overture, 1853.



WILHELM RICHARD WAGNER.



Facsimile of MS. of Wagner preserved in



h for a chorus in opera "Rienzi.")

XIV.—WAGNER (1813-1883).

WILHELM RICHARD WAGNER was born at Leipsic on May 22, 1813. His remarkable musical genius did not manifest itself by any precocity in his boyhood. At that period of his life, though he had a certain facility in music, he was most strongly attracted by tales of romance or anything that savored of the supernatural. Stories are told of his unquarable habit, when a child, of peopling a dark room with every variety of blood-curdling apparition. In the dead of night he and his little half-sister, Cecilia, would lie awake for hours while he described the ghosts conjured up by his vivid imagination in all the corners of their bedroom, Cecilia impersonating the spectres to the extent of "speaking their words."

At school—where he gained among his fellows a reputation as a writer of verse—his studies were none too zealously pursued except in the direction where his tastes lay,—ancient history, mythology (especially the old Greek legends), and eventually, when he had mastered a smattering of English, the tragedies of Shakespeare. The result of all this was a most truculent tragedy, written when he was eleven. "It was a kind of compound of 'Hamlet' and 'King Lear,'" he

says, "and the design was grand in the extreme. Forty-two persons died in the course of the play, and want of living characters compelled me to allow most of them to reappear in the last act as ghosts."

More significant is the fact that, shortly after this, Wagner was present at a performance of Goethe's "Egmont" with Beethoven's incidental music, which so impressed him that he resolved, with a delightful disregard of his ignorance of the art, to compose a musical accompaniment to his tragedy. His early discovery of the stumbling-blocks in the path of the would-be composer led him to begin a course of musical study, which he pursued enthusiastically, if somewhat spasmodically. He was at any rate wise in his choice of a model. "I doubt," wrote a friend of his, "whether there was ever a young musician more familiar with the works of Beethoven than was Wagner at the age of eighteen. He possessed most of that master's overtures and larger instrumental works in copies made by himself. He went to bed with the sonatas and rose with the quartettes, he sang the songs and whistled the concerti." As might have been expected, his early ambition in composition far outstripped his powers, and his first productions were more remarkable for the scale upon which they were planned than for any great merit. These various attempts served their purpose in emphasizing to him the fact that it was useless to start unequipped with a knowledge of those harmonic rules which, to his eager spirit, had seemed so artificial and so needlessly arbitrary. Of the performance of a "Grand Overture," his first orchestral work which saw the light, he afterwards

wrote: "This was the culminating point of my absurdities. The public was fairly puzzled by it, and particularly by the persistence of the drum player, who had to give a loud beat every four bars from beginning to end! The audience at first grew impatient, but in the end regarded the whole thing as a joke."

Thrown on his own resources at an early age, Wagner gladly accepted the humble post of chorus-master at the Würzburg Theatre, where his brother combined the offices of principal tenor and stage manager. This led to an appointment at Magdeburg as director of a small operatic company, and eventually to a similar position at Königsberg, where Wagner married one of the leading actresses. "The year was passed among the pettiest cares," he wrote, "utterly a loss to me as far as my art was concerned"—but he had at least gained much valuable experience concerning the management of an orchestra, though his restless and imperious disposition rendered him more and more impatient of a position socially as well as artistically beneath him.

Paris was at this time the focus of activity in the operatic world, and it was thither that Wagner's hopes turned. While at Königsberg he had conceived the plan of a grand opera upon the subject of Lytton's *Rienzi*, and in his dreams he pictured the enthusiastic reception of this at the Paris Opera and his own immediate enjoyment of fame and wealth. Full of confidence he wrote to the famous dramatist Scribe, proposing that the latter should undertake the preparation of the libretto of *Rienzi*, and should, moreover, ensure its acceptance at the Opera! This request naturally produced no re-

sult; and Wagner, having completed the poetry himself and written the greater part of the music, set out with his wife for Paris, armed with a recommendatory letter from Meyerbeer and the firm determination that his *Rienzi* should be produced.

Unfortunately the whole journey was a failure. After a stormy voyage he arrived in Paris in the autumn of 1839, and at once submitted his work to the directors of the Opera. They would have none of it; and, to gain a bare livelihood, Wagner was driven to the drudgery of the meanest literary hack work. His disappointment was intense, for he had imagined *Rienzi* to possess all the elements of a brilliant popular success that would put his name into the mouth of everyone. "I had the splendid Grand Opera before me," he says, "and my ambition was not only to imitate, but with reckless extravagance to surpass, all that had gone before, in brilliant finales, hymns, processions and musical clang of arms." But all his efforts to obtain a hearing in Paris were vain; and meanwhile his circumstances were going from bad to worse, and he could scarcely obtain a hand-to-mouth existence.

At last, in the spring of 1841, he gave up the Paris fight as hopeless, and went to live at Meudon, where he could at least exist in comparative quiet. Ever since his voyage he had been haunted by a singular impression made upon his fancy by the wildness of the North Sea; and the legend of "The Flying Dutchman," as he heard it confirmed by the lips of the sailors, took on for him a definite coloring such as only the experiences he had passed through could have given. And now, smarting under the disappointment of his hopes,

he was more than ever fascinated by the story of the ill-starred Vanderdecken, whose lot of friendless solitariness seemed to him to reflect his own.

The result was that he found, as many of the greatest musicians before him had found, consolation in his art; and, having given up the idea of writing operas with the sole aim of making a brilliant bid for fame, began to write from his heart. The plan of *The Flying Dutchman* was sketched out, the libretto written, "and then," he says, "to compose the music I needed a piano; for, after a nine months' interruption of all kind of musical production, I had to work myself back into the musical atmosphere. I hired a piano, but when it came I walked round and round it in an agony of anxiety; I feared to find I was no longer a musician. I began with the 'Sailors' Chorus' and the 'Spinning Song'; everything went easily, fluently, and I actually shouted for joy as I felt through my whole being that I was still an artist. In seven weeks the opera was finished."

An unexpected change of fortune was in store for him. *Rienzi* was accepted for performance at Dresden, and in 1842 he went thither to superintend its production. This was attended with brilliant success, and gained for the composer the welcome appointment of conductor to the Dresden Opera. *The Flying Dutchman* was performed shortly afterwards, and in 1845 *Tannhäuser* was produced. The reception of this was by no means as unanimously favorable as that of its predecessor. In it Wagner finally broke away from the arbitrary traditions of previous opera and inaugurated a species of musical drama which was destined to revolutionize the art.

What is incomprehensible to the ordinary spirit of the time is certain to meet with abuse, and the case of Wagner's operatic innovations was no exception to the rule. The attitude of the press and of the greater portion of the musical world was bitterly hostile; and we may well believe that it was in great measure his sense of undeserved isolation and his weariness of misunderstanding that drove Wagner to take the active part he did in the abortive revolutionary movement of 1848.

His sarcastic pen was invaluable to the political agitators who fomented the insurrectionary spirit in Dresden; and so deeply involved with them did Wagner become that when in the following year the Prussian authority was forcibly asserted, he was one of the first who were obliged to protect themselves by voluntary exile. In his place of refuge at Zurich we may be sure that he repented the lengths to which his impetuous resentment had carried him. He had cut himself off from friends and country, and—what was of still greater moment to him—from all chance of seeing his works performed where he would most have wished it.

He must have felt this the more as, not long before settling in Zurich, he had completed his opera *Lohengrin*,—a work whose beauty, had it been possible to perform it at Dresden, might have gone far towards removing the prejudice which existed against his music. There, however, political and personal feeling was allowed so seriously to affect artistic judgment that, even had it been possible to produce it, it is doubtful whether he would have made the attempt. In some ways it was perhaps fortunate; for when *Lohengrin* event-

ually saw the light two years later at Weimar, it was under circumstances more favorable than Wagner could have hoped for.

Its first performance is connected with the commencement of the life-long friendship between Wagner and Liszt—a friendship which certainly was everything to Wagner, as we can read in the correspondence which passed between them, and which was on Liszt's part an unequaled example of generous self-abnegation in favor of a greater genius. At this crisis in his life Wagner was sorely in need of sympathy. "I was," he wrote at the time, "thoroughly disheartened from undertaking any new artistic scheme. Only recently I had had experience of the impossibility of making my art intelligible to the public, and all this deterred me from beginning new dramatic works. Indeed, I thought that everything was forever at an end with regard to my creativeness. From this state of mental dejection I was raised by a friend. By the most undeniable proofs he made me feel that I was not deserted, but, on the contrary, sympathetically understood by many who were otherwise most distant from me; in this way he restored to me my full artistic confidence. The man who has been this wonderful friend to me is Franz Liszt."

Wagner first met Liszt during his earliest visit to Paris, at the time when his fruitless efforts to gain a hearing at the Opera had filled him with bitterness and set his whole being in revolt against the artistic world. At their meeting Liszt appeared to Wagner the embodiment of all that contrasted most strongly with his own friendless and hopeless condition. In consequence Wagner was inclined to look with sus-

picion upon this brilliant figure, the object of general love and admiration. Liszt's greeting of him was little more than perfunctory, nor was there, as Wagner afterwards readily admitted, any reason why it should have been otherwise, as Liszt was in ignorance of the nature and aspirations of the unknown musician who was presented to him. Wagner, however, conceived an entirely unreasonable feeling of resentment, which he cherished for years, at what seemed to his tortured fancy to be Liszt's indifference to his struggles.

His violent expression of this sentiment reached Liszt's ears at the time when *Rienzi* was attracting the attention of the musical world at Dresden. Surprised to find himself so misunderstood by a man whom he scarcely knew, and full of a tender solicitude at the thought of having unconsciously hurt a sensitive character, Liszt made repeated and eager attempts to change Wagner's opinion of him, even before he knew anything of his work; and after witnessing a performance of *Rienzi* constituted himself openly a champion of its composer's fame.

When he next saw Liszt Wagner was on his flight to Zurich. Halting for a few days in Thuringia, on his way into exile, he happened to pass through Weimar, where Liszt had settled. "The very day when my personal danger became a certainty," Wagner says, "I saw Liszt conducting a rehearsal of my *Tannhäuser*, and was astonished to recognize my second self in him. What I had felt in composing the music he felt in performing it; what I wanted to express in writing it down, he proclaimed in making it sound. Strange to say, through the love of this rarest friend, I

gained, at the moment of becoming homeless, that real home for my art for which I had longed and sought, always in the wrong place."

During his first days of exile, as Wagner sat, sick in mind and body, brooding over his fate, his eyes fell upon the score of his *Lohengrin*, which in his distress he had totally forgotten. He relates how suddenly he "felt something like compassion that this music should never sound from off the death-pale paper." He wrote at once to Liszt, begging for his aid, and received the answer that preparations should be made for the performance on the largest scale the limited resources of Weimar would permit. Wagner was enthusiastic over the manner in which Liszt worked to remove the errors and misconceptions which lay in the path of success, and had every reason to be gratified by the production of the opera, which took place in 1850.

It was naturally a source of much misery to Wagner that he had no opportunity of superintending or even witnessing the performance of his own works, and at the same time was perpetually goaded by the attacks which the German Press never tired of directing against him. All the antagonism of his nature was aroused, and he attacked his enemies—authors, critics and musicians—with a merciless pen. He was most unsparing in his denunciation of those who in his own art prostituted their powers for the sake of popular applause, making, to use his own expression, "a milch cow of the divine goddess." It is scarcely surprising under the circumstances that his invective was more distinguished by

power than by discretion, and in consequence somewhat missed its mark.

At the same time it should be noted that Wagner, when writing as theorist and not as critic or controversialist, was possessed of a considerable literary power, backed by a strong tendency towards philosophic speculation. His works on "Opera and Drama," "The Art-work of the Future," and "On Conducting," are full of earnest thought, and his theories are reasoned in the true philosophic spirit. His literary works include, besides the *libretti* of all his operas, treatises on theoretical music, politics, religion, history and political economy, all these subjects being more or less treated as tending to a new phase of art, and of individual and national life as regenerated by it—this new art to consist in a perfect combination of music and poetry, interpreted by means of the stage.

He even broached a theory of fashion; this, however, only concerns German ladies.

Convinced that, apart from the difficulties of his political position, he could not hope for a popular audience for his music, Wagner devoted himself more and more to his art for its own sake. It was during the first years of his exile that he framed the idea for his colossal work *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, whose composition, with several interruptions, occupied him for more than twenty years. According to his first design it was to consist of an opera dealing with the legendary deeds of Siegfried, the hero of the earliest Teutonic myths, preceded by an introductory opera to be called "Siegfried's Youth." This scheme was gradually expanded,

until it took the unprecedented form of a musical epic which should take four evenings in representation, consisting of an operatic prologue, *Das Rheingold*, followed by the trilogy of operas *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried*, and *Die Götterdämmerung*. The libretto was finished in 1852, and during the three following years Wagner devoted himself entirely to the composition of the music

This was delayed by his acceptance, in 1855, of the post of conductor to the London Philharmonic Society. This visit to London was, however, not a success. Though an admirable conductor, he did not seem able completely to gain the sympathy of the English orchestra, and his works found little favor in England at a time when Mendelssohn was the idol of musical amateurs. The Press looked askance at this new genius, whose political as well as musical principles were revolutionary; and at the end of the season Wagner returned to his solitude in Switzerland.

During the next four years, though he never lost sight of the great Tetralogy, he was mainly occupied in the composition of two operas of very different natures, *Tristan und Isolde* and *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*. The former of these, founded upon an old Celtic romance, is the most individual, as perhaps it is the most beautiful, of Wagner's works. Absolutely at variance with the traditional methods of opera, it possesses a poetic charm and a passionate reality which has never been approached on the lyric stage. It is not too much to say that no composer has ever interpreted human passion as Wagner has done in passages of *Tristan und Isolde*.

Nothing gives a more vivid impression of the versatility of his genius than to turn from this opera to *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, in which the composer—by the mouth of the young knight whose singing, inspired by Love and taught by Nature, achieves a victory over the pedantic formalism of the Meistersingers—pours good-humored ridicule upon his opponents of the antiquated school. The opera is full of the joy of life, and contains lyrical passages of a graceful tenderness that Wagner has nowhere surpassed.

Early in 1860 Wagner gave three concerts in Paris. The chief outcome of these was an acrimonious battle in the newspapers between the mass of national and political prejudice on the one side, and on the other the convictions of a few musicians, who, almost in spite of themselves, were forced to recognize Wagner's greatness. The chief object of this visit to Paris, however, was to arrange for a performance of *Tannhäuser* at the Grand Opera, which took place on March 13th, 1861. The result was terrible. The opposition, whose origin was mainly political, was so riotous and organized with such fatal success that scarcely a note of the opera was allowed to be heard; and Wagner was once more obliged to accept defeat at the hands of the Parisians.

Meanwhile his fame had been spreading in other parts of the continent, and in 1863 he made a very successful concert tour through the principal cities of Russia. On his return he found a generous and devoted patron in the young King Ludwig II. of Bavaria, who summoned him in 1864 to Munich, where in the following year *Tristan und Isolde* was

produced, and, three years later, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*.

From this time Wagner devoted himself exclusively to the completion *Der Ring des Nibelungen*; and he became, as he worked, even more possessed by the idea that to have its full effect it must be performed amidst surroundings which should enable him fully to realize his ideals. He therefore appealed to all admirers of his music to aid him in setting on foot a scheme for building a special theatre for the purpose, in a spot removed from the ordinary theatrical atmosphere, where his operas should be performed by selected singers, in a manner of a national festival. Utopian as such a scheme seemed, it was ultimately realized. The small town of Baireuth was chosen as the favored spot; and there the foundation stone of the Wagner Theatre was laid in May, 1872. Four years later the theatre was opened with performances of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, under the composer's superintendence.

In 1877 Wagner paid a second visit to London, and was welcomed with an enthusiasm which in some measure compensated for the manner of his reception on the previous occasion. On his return to Germany he took up his permanent abode at Baireuth with his second wife, who surrounded him with devoted care until the end of his life. His last opera, *Parsifal*, which deals with the mystical subject of the Holy Grail and its knights, and in which his music reaches its highest point of spirituality, was produced at the Baireuth Festival of 1882; and in the following year Wagner died, on

the 13th of February, at Venice, whither he had gone in search of health.

He was buried, according to his wish, in the garden of his house at Baireuth, where we may imagine his spirit presiding as genius of the place; while his monument is found in the great musical festivals held there in his honor, at which the foremost feature is the performance of the work which formed the climax of his artistic life.

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF WAGNER'S WORKS.

- 1830-1840. Pf. Sonatas, Polonaise, Fantasie, 1831; Symphony in C, 1832; "Die Feen," 1833; "Das Liebesverbot," 1835-1836; "Rienzi," 1838-1840; Seven Overtures (including "Faust Overture,") 1839-40; Songs (including "Les deux Grenadiers,") 1839; Cantatas.
- 1841-1850. "Der Fliegende Holländer," 1841; "Das Liebesmahl der Apostel," 1843; "Tannhäuser," 1844-45; "Lohengrin," 1846-48; Cantatas.
- 1851-1860. Pf. Sonata, 1853; "Das Rheingold," 1853-54; "Die Walküre," 1856; "Tristan und Isolde," 1857-59; "Siegfried," Act I. and part of Act II., 1857.
- 1861-1870. "Albumblatt," 1861; "Fünf Gedichte," 1862; "Siegfried," Acts II. and III., 1865-69; "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," 1862-67; "Huldigungsmarsch," 1864; "Siegfried Idyll," 1870.
- 1870-1882. "Götterdämmerung," 1870-74; "Kaisermarsch," 1871; "Albumblatt," 1875; "Grosser Festsmarsch," 1876; "Parsifal," 1877-82.
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WAGNER'S collected Literary Works were published in ten volumes at Leipsic, 1871-75.

XV.—VERDI (B. 1813).

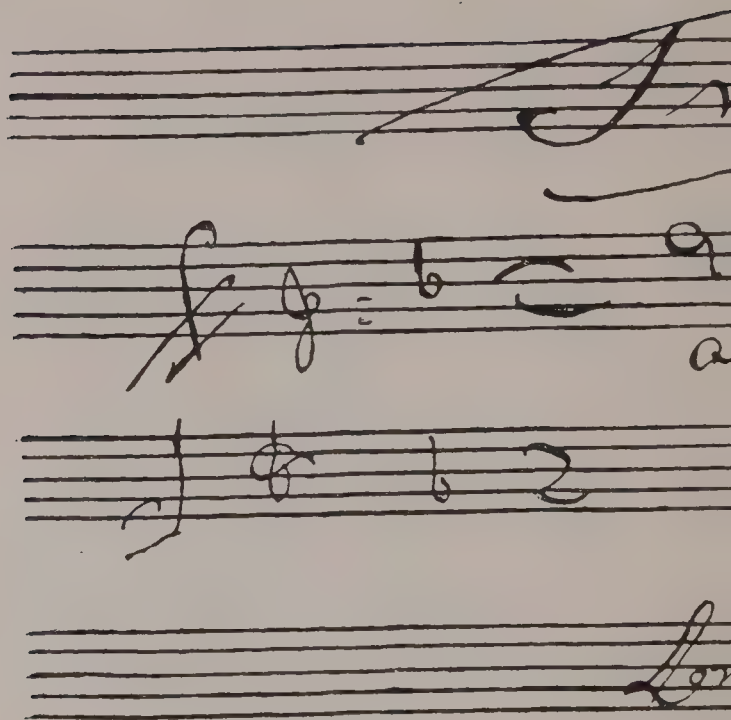
It has been aptly remarked by one of the most recent, as well as the most discriminating, of Verdi's biographers that this composer's career (or, at any rate, its culmination) should have a special interest for Englishmen, as being that of the first and indeed the only musician who has proved himself worthy to collaborate with Shakespeare, and has even thrown a new beauty upon lines familiar to us from childhood. Remarkable for its fortunate length and for its brilliancy, Verdi's career is even more remarkable for the manner in which his genius has marched with the times. That the Verdi of *Il Trovatore* should, at an age well past the traditional three score and ten, develop into the Verdi of *Otello* and *Falstaff*, is proof of an alertness and vitality of genius that is probably unparalleled.

Born on October 10th, 1813, at Le Roncole, near Busseto, of parents in a very humble rank of life, GIUSEPPE VERDI came perilously near to death in the first months of his life, his mother managing to conceal herself and her babe in the

(PUBLISHERS NOTE: The Second and Revised Edition of "Makers of Music" was published early in January, 1901; Verdi died a couple of weeks later, on the morning of January 27. Nothing more than this note of the great composer's death is needed to make Mr. Sharp's article complete).

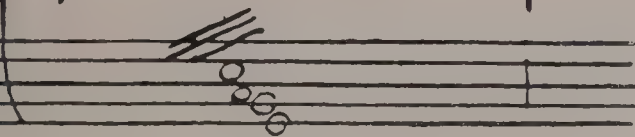
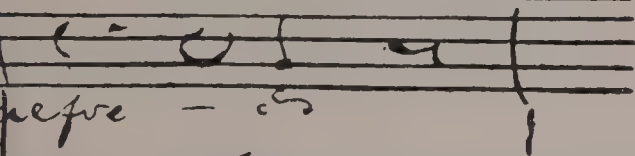


GIUSEPPE VERDI.

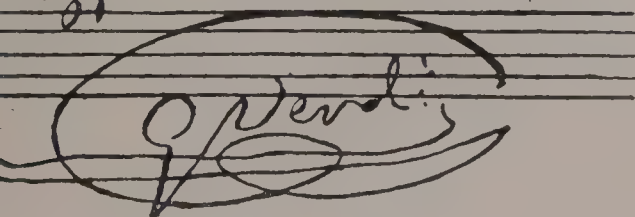


Facsimile from MS. of Verdi preserved in

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1862



From the album of Eliza Wesley).

belfry of the village church during an inroad of Cossack troops who spared neither age nor sex.

Ten years later he had another narrow escape, but this time not from death at the hands of his country's enemies. Having exhibited a precocious talent for music, he was appointed, at the age of ten, organist of the church in whose sanctuary his life had been saved. At the same time he was attending school at Busseto; and on Sundays and feast days used to tramp over to Le Roncole in the small hours of the morning, so as to be ready for his official duties. Missing his road one winter's day before dawn, he fell into a canal, and would have drowned had not a passing peasant woman heard his cries for help.

An old friend of Verdi's father has placed upon record the avidity with which the young Giuseppe practiced upon a spinet that was in his father's house. "One day," he says, "the boy was in the greatest delight at having found for himself the major third and fifth of the key of C. The next day, however, he could not find the chord again, whereupon he fell into such a temper that he seized a hammer and proceeded to break the spinet in pieces. The noise soon brought his father into the room; and he, seeing the havoc his son was causing, boxed his ears so roundly as once for all to disabuse the boy's mind of the idea of punishing the spinet for his inability to strike common chords!"

A year or two later Verdi had the good fortune to be apprenticed, at Busseto, to a merchant who was also an ardent musician, and through his good offices came under the patronage of various musical lights of the town. A chance led

to his replacing the organist in the Cathedral, and from that moment his musical career began in earnest. In the library of the Philharmonic Society of Busseto may be seen the score of a symphony written for performance by that body when Verdi was but fifteen.

The gaining of a scholarship enabled Verdi to proceed to Milan, where the pedantic theorists of the "Conservatorio" looked with anything but favor on his immature efforts at composition; but whether from want of discrimination, or by reason of the actual quality of the work, does not clearly appear. At all events he made no deep impression on the Milan authorities, although the careful study and sound instruction he there enjoyed were in themselves a sufficient gain to him. He had not completed the two years' residence provided for by his scholarship when the death of the old organist at Busseto led to his returning thither to compete for the vacant post. He was unsuccessful in his candidature; but his friends made up for his disappointment by their warm adherence, and eventually found a position for him as organist to a Franciscan chapel whose musical attraction came by degrees to completely eclipse those of the Cathedral.

After three years at Busseto—during which time he had married Margherita Barezzi—Verdi returned with his wife and two children to Milan in 1836. The successful production, in 1839, of his first opera, *Oberto, Conte di San Bonifacio*, was followed by a period of trouble. His children, and then his wife, died, and his second opera was a failure.

Despondency paralyzed his efforts to work until almost by an accident he set to work upon a *libretto* which proved

an unexpected source of inspiration; and in March, 1842, *Nabucco* was produced at Milan with conspicuous success and gained for its composer the first instalment of a popularity which during the next ten years increased with every opera he wrote. That his composition during this period should have been unequal in merit, was not surprising; much of it was done against time and "to order," conditions which ever militate against the best work; but on the whole his style made steady advance until, in March, 1851, the performance of *Rigoletto* at Venice stamped him as the greatest operatic composer of his day and constituted a landmark in his musical career.

Two years later came *Il Trovatore* (produced in Rome, 19th January, 1853) and *La Traviata* (produced in Venice, 6th March, 1853). *Il Trovatore* was an instantaneous success; *La Traviata*, a complete failure owing to the incapacity of the performers. *I Vespri Siciliani*, in 1855, and *Simon Boccanegra*, in 1857, were only partial successes, the latter failing owing to a dull libretto and a worse performance. In the following year he was rewarded by brilliant success with *Un Ballo in Maschera*. By this time Verdi had already paid two flying visits to London; in 1862 he was again invited to that country, on the occasion of the Universal Exhibition. For the opening of this he composed his *Inno delle Nazioni*, but it was never performed as intended, being heard instead in Her Majesty's theatre. For another exhibition, that of Paris in 1867, he composed his opera *Don Carlos*, which met with moderate success.

Aida, in connection with which Verdi's name is probably best known to the multitude, was written in response to an invitation from the Khedive of Egypt, who had built a new opera house at Cairo in 1869. The opera was intended for the inauguration of the new house; but for various reasons its production was delayed for a couple of years. It was produced in December, 1871, and at once leapt into the popularity it has enjoyed ever since. Its composition marked the full development of Verdi's musical style, and evinced so distinct a departure from conventional Italian methods as to incur the reproach of "Germanism" and "Wagnerism."

Three years later, on the anniversary of the death of the Great Italian poet Manzoni, Verdi's *Requiem* was produced at the Church of San Marco in Milan. Its beauties were at once appreciated; it was repeated at the Scala, and a short time afterwards in Paris at the Opera Comique. After this Verdi withdrew to his country house at Santa Agata, and for thirteen years gave nothing new to the world, with the exception of a revised version of *Simon Boccanegra*. The re-writing of the libretto of this was undertaken by Arrigo Boito, the composer-poet to whom Verdi owes as much as ever did Weber to Friedrich Kind. The importance of Boito's co-operation in Verdi's two last operas, *Otello* and *Falstaff*, can scarcely be overestimated. A keen poetic sense, a complete appreciation of the spirit of Shakespeare, and a thorough knowledge of dramatic effect have combined to create the libretti which have, in his old age, inspired Verdi to heights never before reached by him.

In *Otello*, which first saw the light at Milan in February, 1887, he is at the summit of his career. In *Falstaff* he has gone no higher, but rests (only instinct with a different spirit) upon the same level—ground unapproached save by Wagner in his *Meistersinger*. It is hard to say which is the more remarkable—the alertness with which Verdi's style, as exemplified in *Otello*, has kept pace with the development of operatic methods, or the inexhaustible gaiety and humor of *Falstaff*; and all this from one well over the age of usefulness assigned to man by the Psalmist. Verdi has never been a man of theories; he has founded no "school," and his "following" is composed of the whole world of musicians. His art is that of nature itself and his operatic music one of the most signal examples of artistic appropriateness. To the noblest themes his music has been noblest; to the gayest it has been fraught with the most infectious humor; and throughout it has never lost touch with the gorgeous sense of melody that has ever been the characteristic of Italian music.

His latest compositions have been of a sacred character, and whether he give another opera to an expectant world or no, matters little to his fame. He has reached the topmost heights, and has taken the final step thither at an age when he might well have been forgiven had his hand lost its grasp upon the magic pen it has wielded for over fifty years.

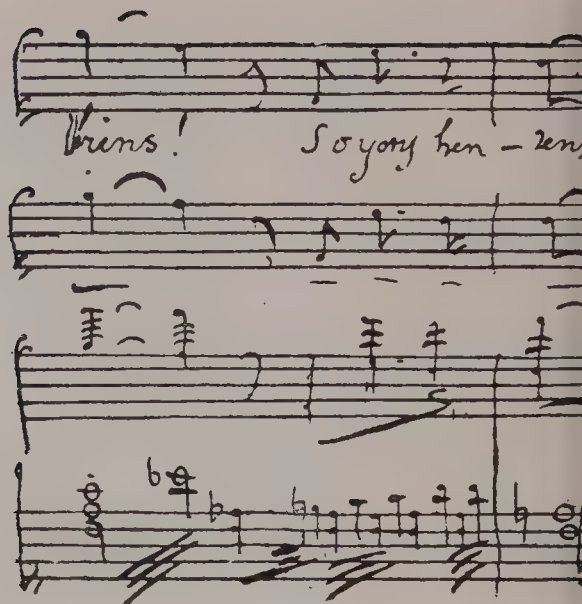
His private life has been uneventful and unassuming; and he is never so happy as when engaged upon the peaceful and kindly duties incident upon his life at his beautiful country home.

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF
VERDI'S WORKS.

- 1826-1840. Pf. Pieces; Church Music; Marches; Cantatas; "Oberto, Conte di S. Bonifacio," 1839; "Un Giorno di Regno," 1840.
- 1841-1850. Fourteen Operas (including "Nabucco," 1842; "Ernani," 1844; "Macbeth," "Masnadieri," 1847; "Luisa Miller," 1849).
- 1851-1860. "Rigoletto," 1851; "Il Trovatore," 1853; "La Traviata," 1853; "I Vespri Siciliani," 1855; "Simon Boccanegra," "Aroldo," "Un Ballo in Maschera," 1857.
- 1861-1875 "Inno delle Nazioni," 1862; "La Forza del Destino," 1862; "Don Carlos," 1867; "Aida," 1871; String Quartette, 1873; Requiem, 1874.
- 1876-1898. "Ave Maria," "Pater Noster," 1880; "Otello," 1887; "Falstaff," 1893; "Stabat Mater," "Te Deum," "Laudi alla Vergine," 1898.

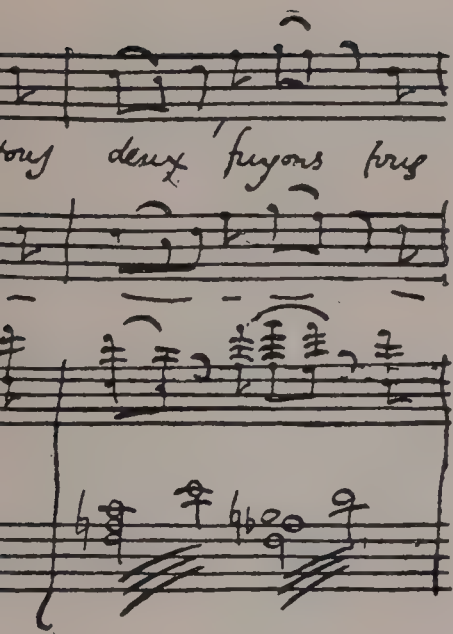


CHARLES FRANÇOIS GOUNOD.



Facsimile from MS. score (for piano)

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"Roméo et Juliette."

Publisher, of Paris.)

XVI.—GOUNOD (1818-1893).

CHARLES FRANCOIS GOUNOD was born in Paris on 17th June, 1818. His mother, a pianist distinguished in her day, gave him his earliest musical instruction; and, seeing the evident bent of her son's nature in that direction, sent him at the age of eighteen to the Conservatoire. By that time he had received a good general education, and was on the high road to the foundation of refined tastes and habits; music, however, was with him a passion that lost no time in declaring itself. After a year at the Conservatoire he was second for the Prix de Rome, and two years later (in 1839) gained the Grand Prix with a cantata, *Fernand*. During his period of study at Rome his musical instincts seem to have been mainly ecclesiastical; Palestrina was his idol, and Masses his first essays in composition. This ecclesiastical tendency was not confined to his music; for, after his return to Paris, where he obtained the post of organist to the Missions Étrangères, he studied theology for two years with the idea of entering holy orders. This project he ultimately abandoned, and what was the Church's loss became the gain of the world of Music.

While in Rome Gounod made the acquaintance of one of the Mendelssohn family, who wrote of him (in 1840):

"Gounod has so deep a passion for music that it is a pleasure to have such a listener. . . . His nature is almost overflowing with passion and romance; our German music seems to have the same effect on him as a bombshell exploding inside a house." Gounod's "religious exaltation" is mentioned by the same writer, who states that the young musician has been enrolled as a member of an association of young men banded together for the purpose of effecting the regeneration of the world by the means of art.

The idea of an ecclesiastical career once abandoned, Gounod soon contrived to be heard of in musical circles in Paris. Through the kind offices of Madame Viardot, the singer, he received a commission to compose for the Académie Nationale the music of an opera whose libretto had been written by Emile Augier. This first opera, *Sapho*, though no popular success, gained for the young composer the respectful consideration of all competent critics. Berlioz gave his opinion of him at the time as "a young man richly endowed with noble aspirations; one to whom every encouragement should be given at a time when musical taste is so vitiated." As a composition, *Sapho* is of unequal merit, but in no way unworthy of the future composer of *Faust*.

The same year (1851) his reputation crossed the Channel, with the result that at one of Hullah's concerts in London a portion of a "Messe Solennelle" by Gounod was performed and enthusiastically received. In 1852 he married a daughter of Zimmermann, a prominent teacher of music.

Two comparative failures marked his next essays in opera, neither *Ulysse* (in 1852) nor *La Nonne Sanglante* (in 1854,

founded upon a story by "Monk" Lewis) achieving any success. The year 1855 saw the production of his *Messe de Ste. Cécile*, one of his most successful efforts in the domain of "religious" music; and this was followed three years later by his charming musical setting of Moliere's *Le Médecin Malgré Lui*, known and appreciated in England under the title of *The Mock Doctor*. By this time the score of *Faust*, upon which he had been working for more than two years, was completed; and this work, upon which Gounod's fame as an operatic composer may almost be said to depend, was produced at the Theatre Lyrique in March, 1859. It created an immediate impression, but its overwhelming success was a thing of gradual growth. Ten years later it was reproduced at the Grand Opéra, by which time its popularity was assured; and in 1864 it was first performed in London under Col. Mapleson's management.

Meanwhile, *Philémon et Baucis* had been produced in 1860; *La Colombe* in the same year and *La Reine de Saba* in 1862. *Mireille* followed in 1864, and was performed in London within the year. Three years afterwards *Roméo et Juliette* appeared, almost to rival *Faust* in the affections of the musical public; and after that—with the exception of *Cinq Mars* in 1877, *Polyeucte* in 1878 and *Le Tribut de Zamora* in 1881—Gounod forsook operatic music for "drawing-room" songs and orchestral compositions of a more or less "religious" character. *Cinq Mars* was a distinct failure, *Polyeucte* and *Le Tribut de Zamora* not less so.

At the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war Gounod took refuge in England, which became his adopted home for many

years. For the inauguration of the Albert Hall in 1871 he composed his "biblical elegy" *Gallia*; and the same period saw the publication of many of the songs by which he came to be so popular in this country—"Maid of Athens," "There is a green hill far away," "Oh that we two were maying," and others. Two ambitious "religious" works, *The Redemption* (1882) and *Mors et Vita* (1885) were written for two successive Birmingham Festivals, and these practically close the list of Gounod's important works. A host of songs, more or less (often less) worthy of their composer, were written for the English market; but they cannot be said to have added anything to his reputation. The latter years of his life were spent in Paris, he having found official honor in his own country by the bestowal upon him in 1880 of the distinction of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor. He died, in Paris, on October 18th, 1893.

Despite the deserved popularity of his works, Gounod's career has influenced the history of music but slightly. Genius he undoubtedly possessed, but it was of the assimilative rather than the truly creative kind; he represents no forward step in his art. It is for this reason that posterity is more likely to remember him for his great gift of melody, and for the dramatic excellence of his most famous operas, than for any deeper quality in his music.

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF
GOUNOD'S WORKS.

- 1850-1860. "Sapho," 1851; Music to "Ulysse," 1852; "Tobie," 1854; "La Nonne Sanglante," 1854; Symphony in D, 1854; Symphony in E flat, 1855; "Le Medecin Malgre Lui," 1858; "Faust," 1859; "Philemon et Baucis," 1860; "La Colombe," 1860; Masses (including "Messe de Ste. Cecile," 1855); Songs, Pf. Pieces; Church Music.
- 1861-1870. "La Reine de Saba," 1862; "Mireille," 1864; "Romeo et Juliette," 1867; Songs; Pf. Pieces; Church Music.
- 1871-1885. Music to "Les Deux Reines," 1872; Music to "Jeanne d'Arc," 1873; "Cinq Mars," 1877; "Polyeucte," 1878; "La Tribut de Zamora," 1881; "The Redemption," 1882; "Mors et Vita," 1885; Hymne a St. Augustin," 1885; Songs.

XVII.—JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833-1897),

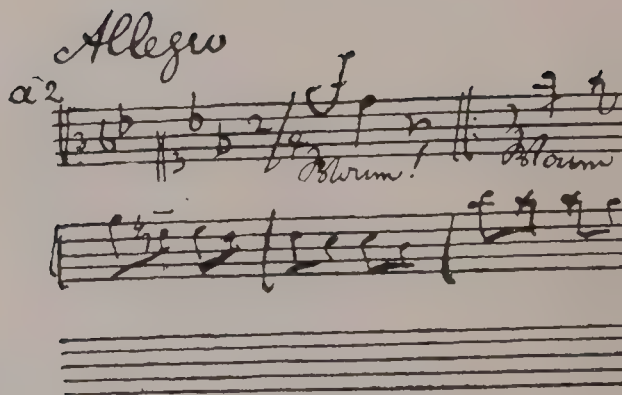
EDVARD GRIEG (B. 1843).

Nearly forty years ago there appeared in a prominent German musical paper a remarkable article from the pen of Robert Schumann, in which the writer hailed a young and hitherto unknown composer as the musician who was destined, as the outcome of the recent history of music, "suddenly to appear and give utterance to the highest ideal expression of the times; who should claim the mastership by no gradual development, but burst upon us fully equipped, as Minerva sprang from the head of Jupiter."

This fortunate youth, upon whom Schumann recognized that the mantle of Beethoven had fallen more surely than upon any other of his successors, was JOHANNES BRAHMS, who was of Hungarian descent, and was born at Hamburg on May 7th, 1833. In his early days all his surroundings were musical, and everything tended to foster the inclination he inherited from his father, who was a prominent member of the Hamburg orchestra. As soon as his musical tastes began to form there became evident in Brahms a characteristic which had the strongest influence on his subsequent

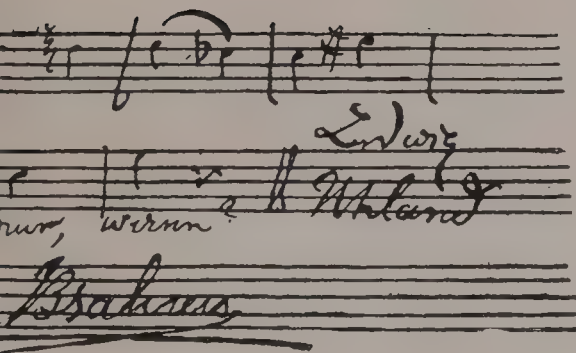


JOHANNES BRAHMS.



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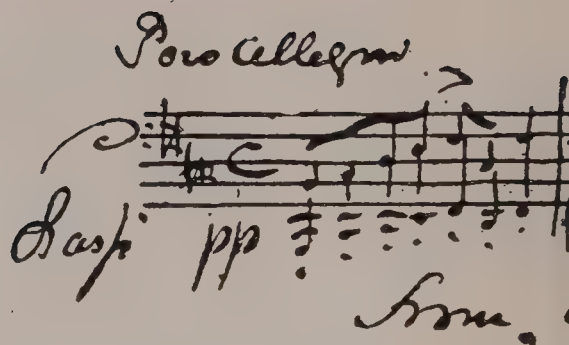


(Canon.)

. G. Milner-Gibson. Cullum.)



EDVARD HAGERUP GRIEG.



London, Novr 1897

Facsimile of autograph



Handwritten signature, likely "Herr Grieg", written in a cursive style.

Herr Grieg.

work—that is to say, a remarkable seriousness and singleness of devotion to an ideal, and an unusually early comprehension of the spirit of the older masters, especially Bach and Beethoven.

He made his first public appearance as a pianist when he was fourteen, at a concert of which the programme included a composition of his own—"Variations upon a Volkslied." He gradually attracted attention by the quality of his playing and by his compositions, which already gave evidence of his endeavor to cast music of a distinctly national type into a mould as distinctly in accordance with the best classical models.

At the age of twenty he went for a concert tour with the famous Hungarian violinist, Remenyi, and it was in consequence of the impression produced upon Joachim and Liszt in the course of these performances that Brahms obtained the introduction to Schumann which was to prove so valuable to him. After a winter spent at Leipsic, a visit to Liszt at Weimar, and a short stay in Hanover, Brahms obtained in 1854 a post in the court of the Prince of Lippe-Detmold, whereby he was enabled to carry on his theoretical studies uninterruptedly for two or three years.

By this time he had composed a number of pianoforte pieces and songs, and a small amount of chamber music; and this new period of study marks a transition in his style. Having begun in the most romantic vein, he seems by degrees to have more and more realized the sovereign beauty of form, and the necessity of subordinating to it the tendency to license in imagination.

The nature of his music was most strongly determined by this imperious sense of form—a sense very valuable at the present day, when among many of the newer writers richness of coloring is made a useful cloak to hide a lack of constructive power. It is even from this cause that much of his work has at a first hearing seemed obscure. His directness of purpose was uncompromising, and it is not surprising that at times the scholar was more evident than the imaginative musician. But, his genius being based upon that stable foundation of a regard for fitness without which no true art can exist, as his powers strengthened he was able with confidence to give free play to his imagination and to win a wider confirmation of the title which connoisseurs long since bestowed upon him—that of the greatest of his contemporaries, and the worthiest to be considered the successor of Beethoven.

Certainly no musician of our own time has been so closely identified in his work with Beethoven. Brahms' scholarliness—it is difficult to find a completely appropriate term to express this quality in his music—brings him nearer than anyone else to the greatest master of the symphony and of the varied forms of instrumental music; and it is curious to note that it has been remarked that, nowadays, if a promising student devotes himself mainly to Beethoven, his work, when he begins to compose, usually bears a strong likeness in character to that of Brahms.

The few years spent by Brahms at Lippe-Detmold gave him every leisure to master the intricacies of his art; and as soon as he felt himself secure in that respect he was glad to

be free to give his undivided attention to the more active work of composition. Since leaving Detmold he frequently changed his place of residence,—Zurich, Hamburg, Vienna, Baden-Baden and other places having in turn been visited; ultimately he went in 1862 to Vienna, which was his headquarters till his death.

In Vienna he lived the retired life of a student, absorbed in his music and unwilling to mix in the turmoil of the outer world. Nothing would induce him to visit England; his dread of the voyage being only equaled by his dislike of publicity and display. "You have my music," he said, in answer to an invitation, "why do you want me?" In some ways this isolation of himself is to be regretted. It has given to much of his music a sombreness of character, the result of thoughtful abstraction and introspection; also, it has kept any knowledge of his personality from the many who now can only know him through his music. Widely as his work has spread, it is surprising how little is known to the world at large of the personal characteristic of its composer.

On the other hand, his retirement shielded Brahms from any temptation to deviate from his artistic principles in order to make a bid for the popular taste. As a consequence everything he wrote was essentially a work of art and conspicuous for self-restraint. As became an artist of great dignity of nature, he was as absolutely removed from the trite or commonplace in music as he was averse from the search for mere attractiveness by means of externals.

Brahms' personal appearance was striking—at any rate as regards the finely-shaped head, crowned with a mass of hair

which was brushed back, revealing a lofty forehead and a pair of deep-set eyes of a keenly observant expression. The lower part of his face, partially hidden by a luxuriant moustache and beard, showed great firmness; and the general impression produced was that of a highly dignified disposition. He was short of stature and rather stout, but any ungainliness of a figure was more than redeemed by the nobility of his face.

He appears to have exercised over all who met him that peculiar fascination which the greatest spirits have always possessed. One who met Brahms, when the latter was thirty years of age, relates how different he at once appeared from the other young men who were his companions, "appearing to be almost unconcerned with the surrounding world, full of an artistic ideal, of a vigorous striving conscious of its aim, and gayly and willingly communicating to others out of the treasure house of his conviction."

Brahms composed music of every variety except dramatic. That he never attempted opera is significant, and there is little doubt that his genius would not be well suited to the task—his "inwardness" of disposition and habit of conciseness in his music being the reverse of what is necessary for success on the lyric stage. Of the other departments of music, it is hard to say in which his art rises to the highest level. In his symphonies and his chamber music he approaches nearer than any other composer to Beethoven; his latest compositions for the pianoforte have a lucidity and beauty only characteristic of the highest order of compositions; while not the least brilliant of his works are his

songs, of which he wrote a great number, equally remarkable for the character of their melody and for the seemingly inexhaustible variety of their accompaniment.

He died in Vienna, on April 3rd, 1897; and was buried, with every mark of honor, in the "Musicians' Corner" of the Vienna Central Cemetery. His grave lies, in fitting company, between those of Beethoven and Schubert.

The "national" spirit, which exists markedly in Brahms, appears at its fullest in the Norwegian composer, EDVARD HAGERUP GRIEG, who is one of the most individual figures in contemporary music.

His deliberate aim has been to create a typical Norwegian music, based upon the national songs and dances of his country; and the title of "patriot in music" has never been better bestowed than on this man, who has lavished his powers, and to no small degree his health, on the attainment of his end.

He was born at Bergen in 1843. It has been stated that he is ultimately of Scotch descent, his ancestors having fled from Scotland in the troublous "Covenanting" times and taken refuge at Bergen, where they founded a family of worthy Norwegian citizens; the spelling of their names becoming in the course of time altered from "Greig" to "Grieg" to suit the Scandinavian pronunciation of the vowels.

Be this as it may, Grieg at any rate comes of a stock greatly respected in Bergen and of parents who possessed strong musical tastes. His mother was an accomplished

pianist, and instructed him as soon as he gave signs of a musical disposition, which he very early did. His "Op. 1" was written at the early age of nine, and consisted of Variations on a German air. The youthful musician was so abstracted in the composition of this that he took it to school by mistake for his books, and was severely advised by the master to leave such "stuff" at home. His compositions very soon showed a distinct style, for his impressionable nature became saturated with the influences that flowed from the magnificent scenery of his country, and the patriotic spirit that lies so deep in the hearts of the people of Norway.

At this time the popular idol in Bergen was the famous violinist Ole Bull, who had been the first to endeavor to give artistic form to the national airs of Norway, and to cause them to be heard outside their own borders. He became aware of Grieg's musical talent when the latter was about fifteen, and was so impressed by the boy's determination to carry out the work he himself had begun that he begged his parents to send their son at once to Leipsic to study music.

A desire expressed by Ole Bull was not one to be lightly disregarded, and Grieg was at once sent to Leipsic, where he began a severe course of study. Four years of continuous work most unfortunately broke down his constitution, which had never been strong, and a serious illness in 1860 left his health considerably impaired.

At Leipsic (we are told by Mr. Dannreuther, who was one of his fellow-students) he lived chiefly in the atmosphere of the romantic school of music, being specially attracted by the works of Chopin and Schumann. This produced a marked

effect on the formation of his style. The grace and delicacy of his music is often so much in the spirit of Chopin as to have gained for Grieg, not undeservedly, the *sobriquet* of "the Chopin of the North."

From Leipzig he went to Copenhagen—then the focus of literary and artistic life in Scandinavia—where he made one of a little group of enthusiastic compatriots, bound together by national sentiment and an ardent resolve that the national spirit should no longer be without adequate expression in the arts. Ole Bull, Kjerulf and Nordraak had begun the work as far as concerned music, and Grieg, taking up the task, has brought it to a complete and successful development.

It was in Copenhagen that Grieg made the acquaintance of his future wife, then a singer of some repute; and to the same period belong some of the most attractive of his earlier compositions, mainly for the pianoforte.

After a winter spent in Italy he went back to Norway in 1866, and settled in Christiania. Though the capital was an active musical centre, its attention was almost entirely given over to the German composers; and it was to combat this exclusiveness that Grieg set himself to attempt the regeneration of the musical life of Norway by exciting an interest in its national music. He made a commencement by giving a series of concerts at which nothing but Norwegian pieces were performed, but his efforts were rather coldly met. He persevered, however, in reproducing everything that possessed the national color, and in basing his compositions upon themes of the same nature; and though it at first appeared

that he with difficulty made any headway against the worship of the German masters, it was a great pleasure and satisfaction to him to receive, amongst other significant recognitions, a letter from Liszt praising his music in the warmest terms and expressing a strong desire to make his acquaintance.

The next winter Grieg again spent in Rome, where he enjoyed Liszt's friendship; and, strengthened by his encouragement, returned the following year to Christiania, and by degrees found his aims more readily appreciated. Soon, to his keen satisfaction, he was able to excite something akin to enthusiasm over his endeavor to create a national music.

For eight years he lived mainly at Christiania, working as hard as his health permitted, and occupying himself, amongst other things, with the embodiment in music of some of the poetical ideas of Björnson and Ibsen. A house on the shores of the famous Hardangerfjord constituted a delightful retreat in the summer; this he thoroughly enjoyed till, as he wrote to a friend, "the tourists hit upon the idea of installing themselves in boats beneath his windows, and then all peace was at an end." The persistent admiration of the country people, although more acceptable to him, was at times embarrassing; and Grieg tells, in a tone of good-humored distress, how "more than one thought, as he tried it on the piano, was massacred by the critical peasants, who, listening round the corner, were anxious to be godfathers to the newcomers."

After 1874 Grieg was for many years a wanderer, living in turn in Germany, Holland, Denmark, and elsewhere. Ultimately he settled again near his beloved Bergen, in a charm-

ing villa within easy reach of the coast. Everywhere in his own country the warmest welcome has always been given to him; national honors have been bestowed upon him; and he can enjoy the proud sense of having not only fully realized an ambition, but also of having done the work of a patriot, in the resuscitation of the music of the land of mountain and fjord.

His three visits to England with his wife are sufficiently recent to be fresh in the memory of music lovers. They furnished the keen pleasure of hearing characteristic music performed with perfect sympathy; and it was a refreshing experience to see a musician so unaffectedly absorbed in the spirit of his work and so entirely foreign to the *ad captandum* tricks of the average concert performer. His appearance—the deep-set, alert eyes, the delicate tint of complexion, the sensitive mouth veiled by slight moustache, the prematurely gray hair upon a head that appears almost massive in comparison with the delicate frame—is familiar to many in that country; and Grieg may be assured of the heartiest welcome whenever he visits England.

With no pretensions to virtuosity, he is an able pianist and an admirable conductor, possessed of the rare secret of inspiring his orchestra with his own delicacy of feeling. His compositions include a large number of pianoforte pieces and songs, a few examples of chamber music and several orchestral and choral works. The most marked characteristic of all is their strong national color, and next to that their unvarying good taste. Grieg is never betrayed into vulgarity or the commonplace. All that he has produced bears the stamp of

artistic care, with the fortunate result that he has written nothing that does not deserve the attention of the student of music.

Moreover, Grieg has shown a self-restraint none too common in modern composers, in refraining from the attempt to overstep the limits within which his powers lie. The symphony he leaves to other masters; but in delicate pianoforte composition, in the lighter description of chamber music, in exquisitely melodious song, and, above all, in the presentation in music of the romantic spirit of his own country, he need fear no rival among living musicians of his own *genre*.

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF
BRAHMS' WORKS.

- 1853-1865. Op. 1-34: Pf. Sonatas (Op. 1, 2, 5); Chamber Music (Op. 8, 18, 25, 26, 34); Songs (Op. 3, 6, 7, 14, 19, 20, 28, 31-33); Choral Works (Op. 12, 13, 17, 22, 27, 29, 30); Pf. Concerto (Op. 15.); Pf. Pieces (Op. 9, 10, 21, 23, 24).
- 1866-1875. Op. 35-75: Chamber Music (Op. 36, 38, 40, 51, 90, 67); Songs (Op. 43, 46, 49, 52, 57-59, 61, 63-66, 69-72, 75); Choral Works (Op. 37, 41, 42, 44, 45 ["Requiem," 1867], 50, 53-55, 62); Symphonies in C minor (Op. 68) and in D (Op. 73); Pf. Pieces (Op. 35, 39); Ungarische Tänze (1869, no Op. number).
- 1876-1885. Op. 76-97: Chamber Music (Op. 78, 87, 88); Songs (Op. 84-86, 91-93a, 94-97); Choral Works (Op. 42, 89, 93b); Symphony in E (Op. 90); Pf. Concerto (Op. 83); Violin Concerto (Op. 77); "Akademische Festouvertüre" (Op. 80); Tragische Ouvertüre (Op. 81).
- 1886-1897. Op. 98-119: Chamber Music (Op. 99-101, 108, 111, 114, 115); Songs (Op. 103, 105-107, 112); Choral Works (Op. 104, 109, 110, 113); Symphony in E minor (Op. 98); Violin and 'Cello Concerto (Op. 102); Pf. Pieces (Op. 116-119); Six books of Volkslieder arr. with Pf. Acc.; Two Sonatas for Clarinet and Pf. (Op. 120); Vier ernste Gesänge (Op. 121).

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF
GRIEG'S WORKS.

- 1855-1880. Op. 1-29: Pf. Pieces, 2 Pf. and Violin Sonatas; String Quartette; Songs, "Peer Gynt" music; Pf. Concerto; "Vos de Kloster Pforte."
- 1880-1890. Op. 30-50: Pf. Pieces; Pf. and Violin Sonata, Pf. and 'Cello Sonata; Songs; "Beragliot" music, "Olaf Trygvason" music; Choral Works, including "Landerkennung."
- 1890-1900. Op. 51-67: Pf. Pieces; Songs.

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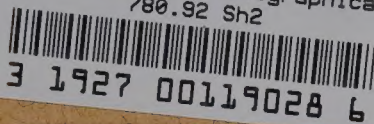
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